

• THE  
Unnatural Mother,  
THE  
SCENE in the Kingdom  
OF  
S I A M.

As it is now Acted at the  
New Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*,  
BY  
His MAJESTY's Servants.

*First Edition.*

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Written by a Young Lady.

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L O N D O N,

Printed by J. O. for R. Basset, at the Mitre in Fleet-street, near  
Temple-Bar. 1698.

Universal Mother

in the Kingdom

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# PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Verbruggen*.

**W**HO is't wou'd be a Poet in our days,  
When e'ery Coxcomb crowns his Head with Bays,  
And stands a savvy Candidate for Praise? }

The Stage is quite debauch'd, for every Day  
Some new-born Monster's shewn you for a Play;  
Art Magick is for Poetry profess'd,  
Horses, Asses, Monkeys, and each obscener Beast,  
(To which Egyptian Monarch once did bow)  
Upon our English Stage are worship'd now.  
Fletcher's despis'd, your Johnson's out of fashion,  
And Wit's the only Drug in all the Nation.

Whilst Scenes, Machines, and empty Opera's reign,  
And for the Pencil you the Pen disdain,  
Nature is out of count'nance, and gives place  
To beastly Mimickry and vile Grimace.

A Woman now comes to reform the Stage,  
Who once has stood the Brunt of this unthinking Age;  
Yet shou'd her Pen, her Beauty cannot fail;  
But, oh! she vows she'l not her Charms unveil, }  
Nor shall you know, harsh Men, at whom you rail.  
Then how you censure this her Play beware,  
Lest thro' the Poetess you wound the Fair:  
But ———

If you'll go on to damn good Sence in spight,  
I'll be reveng'd on you to morrow night:

In this Side-box she'll sit, I'll make't my Task,  
Before you all, to strip her of her Mask;

Oh, how your Malice then you will repent,  
And court those Favours which she shall not grant!  
Her Face once seen, she cannot want Applause,  
For Wit and Beauty both will plead her Cause.

# Persons Represented.

## M E N.

*Pechai,*  
*Sennorat,*  
*Munzuffer,*  
*Tallapoy,*  
*Cemat,*  
*Muto,*  
*Chavo,*  
*Rulup,*

Second Husband to *Callapia*.  
 Father to *Munzuffer*.

A Prophet.  
 Son to *Callapia* by a former Husband.  
 A Country-man.  
 His Son.  
 Servant to *Munzuffer*.  
 A Gentleman.

## W O M E N.

*Callapia,*  
*Bebbemeah,*  
*Choufera,*  
*Metam,*  
*Sardeah,*

Wife to *Pechai*.  
 Daughter to *Pechai* by a former Wife.  
 Daughter to *Callapia*, and Sister to *Cemat*.  
 Wife to *Muto*.  
*Bebbemeah's* Maid.

Spirits, Priests, Servants, Singers, &c.

SCENE *Levo, a Province in the Kingdom*  
*of Siam.*



## A C T I.

*Scene Levo, a Province in the Kingdom of Siam.**Enter Bebbemeah weeping, and Choufera.*

*Chouf.* **H**OW can you call me Friend, and thus conceal a Grief from me almost distracts you? All Night you sigh'd and wept, and in your broken Slumbers started, and cry'd, Oh that fatal Grove! Tell me, my *Bebbemeah*, I conjure thee, by all the Love we ever vow'd each other, make me a Sharer in your killing Sorrows.

*Beb.* O, do not press my yielding Heart to tell the only Secret I e'er hid from you; alas, you'll blame my weakness, and, instead of Pity, meet with your Contempt.

*Chouf.* Is't possible to think so meanly of *Choufera*? Have we not from our tender Infancy lov'd far beyond the common Ties of Blood, in all our harmless Joys been a partaker with each other, and can you think I would contemn you in distress? Unkind *Bebbemeah*! I will not call you Friend; if you can meet with one more faithful to you than *Choufera* has alwaies been, I wish it you. (*going.*)

*Beb.* Stay, stay *Choufera*, would you for one Denial throw me from your Breast? O, do not add that weight to what I already feel, I will most faithfully discharge my Heart of that vast load of Grief which almost overwhelms me, but you must promise not to chide me, I cannot bear your Anger.

*Chouf.* Pray do not fear it, I'll ease you of half the burden, by bearing it my self.

*Beb.* You know by what Engagements I am promised by my Father to *Munzuffer*, to which with blind Obedience I gave consent, having only an indifference for all Mankind; but, O my dear *Choufera*, I am no longer Mistress of my Heart, for yesterday, a fatal day I fear to repose, I went to pass the tedious hours your Absence made me

me think so in the Orange-grove, where we so oft have been, I seated my self by the cool purling Stream, a Melancholy seized me, I knew not why, as a Forerunner of my Woes to come, a gentle Slumber crept unawares upon me; but long I had not slept, when I was wak'd by trampling of a Horse; I started up, and the first Object presented to my view was a Youth of Heavenly form, kneeling at my Feet.

*Chouf.* Go on, my Dearest.

*Beb.* 'Tis impossible to tell you my Surprise, and his appear'd to be no less than mine; If you're the Goddess of these Groves, said he, forgive the rashness of a Stranger, who thus presumes to worship; but if of mortal race, I do conjure you by all the Powers of Love, to tell me who you are. So soon as recover'd my Amazement, I told him I was Daughter to *Peckai* a private Gentleman, who lived far from thence; and, that with my Father I was going hence next day: I see he had Servants waiting at a distance, but I entreated him so earnestly not to follow me, at last he promis'd me upon his Honour he would not; Go, go fair Tyrant, cried he, and boast, whoe'er thou art, you've rob'd a hapless Youth of his dear Liberty, which all the Beauties of our *East* could never do before; but be assur'd, where'er thou goest, I'll find thee out, tho' in the remotest corner of the World.

*Chouf.* And so you parted.

*Beb.* Oh, no, I had no power to leave him, with Passion he talk'd on, and moving Eloquence enough to warm the Heart of cold *Diana*; Night drew her sable Curtains, and forc'd us to a cruel separation, I fear for ever; the Soul parts from the Body not with more reluctance than we did from each other; nor was I so much Mistress of my self, but he, alas, perceived it. I could run on and draw this Story to an endless length; at last I homeward went by several turnings, that he might not discern which way I took. Forgive, my dear *Chouferra*, my prolixity, and pity my misfortune.

*Chouf.* I do with all my Soul; but why did you so carefully conceal the Knowledge who you were?

*Beb.* I durst not trust so powerful a Temptation to draw me from my Duty to my Father.

*Chouf.* He ever promis'd not to force your inclination.

*Beb.* And I never to disobey his Will; his Goodness to me is the Rock on which I'm lost, and I resolve to sacrifice my Happiness to his Pleasure.

*Chouf.* You never yet see *Munzuffer*, and 'tis possible might not have lik'd him, if you had not seen this Stranger.

*Beb.*

*Beb.* All People speak of him in such high Characters, I fear I shall not find out one Excuse that will seem just; he's young, has Wit and Sense, and beautiful to admiration, good-humour'd, brave, and generous, what Objections can there be to these Qualities, that will not discover the Prepossession of my Heart to be the only Cause. (*sighs*) I must obey my Destiny, and all I wish is, that he may be like my lovely Stranger: Why do I call him mine, (*passionately*) when there is scarce a probability I e'er shall see him more? What have I done, good Heavens, that you should punish me with such unlucky Love?

*Chouf.* Compose your self, your Father's coming.

*Enter Pechai and Callapia.*

*Pech.* Perswade me not, I'll hear no more; Have I not promis'd her to Sennorat's Son, the noble young *Munzuffer*?

*Call.* You promis'd her before to me, for my Son *Cemat*, who is as worthy of her.

*Pech.* You know she hates him, and I will ne'er compel her to any thing she likes not.

*Call.* Girls Humours are not to be consulted, they may like to day what yesterday they hated, just as the Fancy takes 'em; if you thus fondly leave her to her own choice, she may not perhaps like the Match you're so desirous of, but bring a Son of her own seeking to call you Father, that you may blush to own.

*Pech.* I know so well her Obedience, I fear it not; sh's promis'd me to marry *Munzuffer*, I know she will: What say you *Bebbemeah*, will you not keep your Word with me?

*Beb.* You may command me, Sir, to any thing, you ne'r shall find me wanting in my Duty.

*Call.* Where was your Duty when he commanded you to receive the Address of my Son? But when a young Girl likes her Man, then, then it is *Obedience*.

*Pech.* She knows not yet whether she does or no, she never saw him.

*Call.* She hears he's a smug young fellow, a pretty Play-thing for a foolish Child, had she understood Merit, she'd found it in my Son.

*Pech.* Since you will force me then to tell you so, tho' I left her to her self in that Affair, I did not think him worthy of her.

*Call.* Nay, now you wrong him, basely wrong him, by the Gods you do; what if his Body is not so well made as that of her young  
Para.

Paramour, he has a Soul as great as was *Alcides* : Not worthy of her, that raw, young, foolish thing, who understands no other Merit in a Man but a fine gay out-side ! it shall be try'd who's the worst man.

*Pech.* You ne'er were wanting to give her your ill word ; come to my Closet *Bebbemeah*, I must speak with you.

*Exeunt Pech. and Bebb.*

*Call.* Come hither, my *Choufera*, can you thus tamely hear thy Brother injur'd, and not thirst to be reveng'd on that proud Girl ?

*Chouf.* He is not the first man has been denied in an amorous Suit ; it is impossible to force an inclination where 'tis not natural, nor can I think him injur'd by it.

*Call.* Not injur'd ! base, base degenerate *Choufera* ! Oh ! I shall burst with Rage ; hence, from my sight.

*Exit Chouf.*

Something I yet will do to break this Match, 'twas all my Hopes in marrying this old Dotard to get this Fortune for *Cemat* ; thus to have all my Hopes blown into Air, and frustrated by a young beardless Boy, I am all Fury : Who waits there ? bid my Son come to me here, if he has Spirit, as I believe he has, it shall be try'd what he durst do to right himself and me.

*(Pauses.)*

It must be so, I know no other way.

*Enter Cemat.*

Do you not hear, *Cemat*, that *Bebbemeah* is snatch'd from your Arms, and given to another ?

*Cem.* Let her be whose she will, I care not, were but her Fortune mine.

*Call.* That's right, my Son, but there's no way to compass that without the Woman too.

*Cem.* Do but direct me what you'd have me do, I have a Hand and Heart I dare imploy in any gaintul mischief.

*Call.* O, thou reviv'st my almost-dying Hopes, thou wert born to be thy Mother's only Blessing : This *Munzuffer*, this happy Rival comes, he hourly is expected, you want no Friends to serve you on such occasions, way-lay him in the Wood through which you know he passes, and spoil his fine Addresses ; you understand me, do it, and leave the rest unto thy Mother's Care.

*Cem.* What, murder him, you mean ; conclude it done, you ne'er shall see him here.

*Call.* Success attend, I'll leave thee to contrive it.

*Cem.*

*Cem. (alone)* Murder him! what should I get by that? not the Mistress which I love, but one I hate, because she loves not me: Shall I do it for Mischief's sake? There's no great danger in't, he knows me not, and I shall disappoint the silly Girl; if I can get her Fortune, no matter whether I love her or no, or sue me, 'twill purchase others, but will it buy thy Sister, ha *Cemat!* that, that's the Saint you worship: What! love thy own Sister! why, where's the harm? she's a handfom young sprightly Wench, and made to be enjoy'd, and why not by her Brother? *(Pauses)*

Did not *Jupiter* lye with his Sister? Ah, but he's a God, they say, and may do what he pleases, without being accountable to Mortals; oh, for his Showre of Gold, the most powerful shape he e'er assum'd, that I might wanton in my *Danae's* Arms. Two pretty Undertakings I'm upon, that's the Truth on't, Murder and Incest, *(Pauses)* Names, Names invented by the crafty Priests, to frighten Boys, and keep the Ignorant in subjection to them. —

I'll murder him, his Mistress to enjoy,

Ravish my Sister, if the Fool is coy,

And set the World on fire e'er I will lose one Joy. }  
}

*Just as he is going off, enter Callapia.*

*Call.* Stay and take fresh Intelligence, here's a Messenger just arriv'd from *Sennorat*.

*Enter Pechai, Bebbemeah, and Choufera.*

*Pech.* From *Sennorat*, say you? conduct him in.

*Beb.* Now, my *Choufera*, I am lost indeed; this Message comes to bring the tidings of his approach.

*Chousf.* You know not that, have Patience till you see the result.

*Enter a Gentleman, who delivers a Letter to Pechai, he reads disturb'd.*

*Chousf.* There's some unwelcome News, do you observe him?

*Beb.* I do, and hope the Gods, in pity to me, have given some interruption to his coming.

*Pech.* My Service to your Lord, tell him, I will suddenly return an Answer by a Servant of my own. *Exit Gentleman.*

*(Aside)* What can this mean? sure *Sennorat* would not fool me in this Concern; he's a Man of that nice Honour, I think he would not do it: Here *Bebbemeah*, peruse that Letter, 'tis you are most concern'd.

*(Gives her the Letter.)*

B

[While



*[While ſhe reads Cemai looks over her ſhoulder.]*

*Cem. (to Call. aſide)* There's no occaſion for murdering, he's diſpoſ'd of another way ; go to your Chamber, I'll follow, and tell you the Contents.

*Call. (to Pech.)* I find the Secret's only for your Daughter's Ear, I'll rid you of the Constraint my company put on you.

*(gives Cemai her Hand, and exit, Chouf. follows.)*

*Pech.* Sure Heaven is not propitious to this Match, not one kind Star has ſmil'd upon it yet, I'll think on it more ; What ſay you, *Bebbemeah*, art thou contented to be thus neglected, and loſe a rich young Husband ?

*Beb.* You are to me a Husband, Father, all things ; whiſt I enjoy the Bleſſing of your Life, I ne'er ſhall think my ſelf unhappy.

*Pech.* My Care ſhall always be for your Advantage, I'll go and answer *Sennorat's* Letter. *Exit Pechai.*

*Beb.* Kind Heaven has heard my Prayers, and I'm releas'd of half my Cares already.

*Enter Chouſera.*

Come and rejoice with me, my dear *Chouſera* ; ſee what a world of Grief theſe Letters have remov'd from *Bebbemeah's* Heart.

*(gives her the Letters.)*

*Chouf. (reads)* 'Tis with a Confuſion great as my Affliction that I acquaint you with the diſappointment of my Hopes ; my rebellious Son, by whom I was to gain the Honour of your Alliance, has left me without giving further Reaſons for it than what he inſerts in the Note I have enclos'd, ſent you, which was deliver'd to me after his flight : Judge of my Trouble, and conſider his Folly as the raſhneſs of an unadviſed young Man, who will, I hope, quickly ſee his Error, and return to his Duty.

*SENNORAT.*

*Beb.* Never, I hope ; proceed, my Dear, to the other.

*Chouf. (reads)* I have alwaies been unworthy of the Care you took of my Happineſs, but much more ſince the Affairs of my Heart are changed, which renders me incapable of the Honour was intended me in the fair *Bebbemeah*, who has too much Merit only to ſhare a Heart ; mine is prepoſſeſ'd by an Accident, as unforeſeen by me as unwelcome to you : I fly your Anger, not being able to obey you, and

and I beg you, with as much Compassion as your Resentment will permit, to consider 'tis a Passion not to be resisted, tho' I have made my utmost Efforts to overcome it, 'tis the only Fault I have committed, who in all other things am your dutiful Son,

MUNZUFFER.

*Chouf.* 'Tis true, you're freed from the Apprehensions of marrying one you love not, but see not how 'twill compass him you love; do not you now repent your owning your Name and Quality.

*Beb.* Since Fortune is so kind, I'll hope the best,  
Rejoice at this, and trust her with the rest.

*Exeunt Beb. and Chouf.*

*Scene the Second, a Grove.*

*Enter Munzuffer and Rulup, in riding habits.*

*Munz.* I'm almost weary with riding these few miles; what a vast Load's the Body when the Soul's oppress'd! At yonder stately Pagode there lives a learned *Tallapoy*, profoundly read in Art and Nature's Secrets, he may inform me what my Stars design, and teach my wandering steps to find out what I'm in search of; Do you know him, *Rulup*?

*Rul.* Know him, yes Sir, I have heard enough of him to tremble at his very Name; why, he's the Devil incarnate, would you go to the Devil, Sir, for a Woman?

*Munz.* Away, you Fool! he is a mighty Prophet, Austere of Life, a Favourite of the holy Gods, can their Decrees foretell, and what is writ in the dark Book of Fate; go tell him I beg to speak with him, and wait his coming here.

*(Rulup going out, runs back again.)*

*Rul.* O.S.r! no sooner conjure, but you know who's in the Circle. Yonder he comes, I beseech you let me go, I'm not holy enough for his company; besides, Sir, you may have Secrets to discourse on are not fit a poor Serving-man should hear.

*(going.)*

*Munz.* Stay firrah, I charge you, I may perhaps have use of you.

*Rul.* Use! I'm not fit for the use of any living Creature at this time, but if I must stay, I'll secure my self as well as I can; I believe, for all his holiness, he seldom looks up to Heaven.

*(Climbs up a Tree.)*

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*Enter Tallapoy.*

*Munz.* Hail reverend Father, pitiful and good, vouchsafe to tell the Destiny of him whom Love has made unhappy.

*Tall.* I will, I'm therefore hither sent by the great Gods, to whom thy Virtues are most dear; descend thou airy Spirit, thou that of Lovers tak'st the greatest care, and tell this Love-sick Youth the utmost he would know.

*(To Munz.)*

Attend most heedfully to what she utters, thy Happiness or Misery depends upon it.

*(Spirit descends and sings.)*

**Y**OU fly from what you seek, deny what you implore;  
Return, thy Father's Grief to cheer,  
Tell him thy Love, and do not fear,  
'Tis he thy Doubts can clear,  
And to thy longing Wish thy Mistress will restore.

The hellish fatal Sisters thy senses will beguile,  
Thy env'y'd Joys they will debar,  
And cause a deadly mortal Jar,  
Of Jealousie beware,  
Thy Sight too will delude thee, and Innocence exile.

The Parricide, who woo's thee to her lewd Bed, detest;  
For Heaven will at last agree  
To crown thy constant Loyalty,  
And happy thou shalt be;  
Take warning, gentle Youth, and be for ever blest.

*(Spirit ascends.)*

*Munz.* Thanks, holy Father, for this kind Admonition.

*Tal.* Be careful, noble *Munzuffer*, there is a dreadful Fate hangs o'er your Head, be virtuous, and be happy.

*Exit Tallapoy.*

*Munz.* Some Power above direct me what to do, and steer my Actions to your Heavenly Will. Come down, you Coward, do you not see he's gone?

*(to Rul.)*

*Rul.* No indeed, not I, my Eyes have been close shut, and my Ears stop'd, I would not countenance their diabolical Musick by my attention; besides, I have heard of some fine singing things that draw their

their list'ners to follow them whether they will or no, perhaps she might be one of them.

*Munz.* Syrens you mean.

*Rul.* I know not what you call them, but I heard a Story of a great Man that tied himself to the Mast, for fear of leaping into the Sea after them.

*Munz.* A very famous Story indeed, *Ulysses*, was it not?

*Rul.* I think he had some such cramp Name; but be it what it will, his Example, for ought I know, has saved me from breaking my neck.

*Munz.* Come down you Sot.

*Rul.* As soon as I can get loose.

*Munz.* Go, bring the Horses, I'll go back again, what think you of that?

*Rul. (coming down)* Think of it, why, I shall love the Devil the better for't as long as I live, if 'twas he advised you to it; I was ne'er cut out for a Squire, I hate this Knight-erranting, I'd rather be your Worship's Groom still with three good Meals a day, than a lank Squire, to feed on Air and Lovers Tears.

*Munz.* Hold your prophane Tongue Sirrah, and do as I command.

*Rul.* Most willingly.

*Munz. (pulls out a Picture)* Oh, lovely shadow of my ador'd Saint! what Charms are here in these bewitching Eyes! smile, smile my Fortune, and give this wondrous Beauty to my longing Arms, I ask no other Boon, were she but mine, I would not change her for all the Treasure of our *Eastern Kingdoms*.

*Enter Rulup.*

*Rul. (aside)* So, he's at his Devotion I see by the Book. Sir, the Horses are ready at the end of the Grove.

*Munz.* T' appease my angry Father I will go,  
Who if my Mistress finds, will more bestow  
Than all his Wealth can give me here below.

*Exit.*

*The End of the First A C T.*

ACT

A C T II. *Scene a Wood.**Enter Cemal and Choufera.*

*Cem.* **N**AY, further yet; it is a Secret of that great importance, the remotest corner of this mighty Wood is hardly private enough.

*Chouf.* I'm sure we have no overhearers in this place, and I'm so weary I can go no further.

*Cem.* (*aside*) So I would have her, she may be too strong for me else. And do you think this place is very private? (*to her.*)

*Chouf.* You see it is an unfrequented Path by the high Grass, I do believe no human Ear can reach us.

*Cem.* Then this it is: Sister, I love you, nay, start not, more than a Brother should, and must enjoy you.

*Chouf.* Good Heavens! what mean you Brother, you are not sure in earnest?

*Cem.* Why not in earnest? Is it such a Wonder to love a pretty Woman?

*Chouf.* I'm sure you jest, and tell me so to fright me.

*Cem.* If any Crime there be, 'tis you're the cause; your Honour is secure with me: Come, come, my dear *Choufera*, let's be free, I'll give you a strong Proof how much I love you. (*takes hold of her.*)

*Chouf.* Stand off, foul Monster; what villainous intentions thou art bent upon, prophane thy own Blood, ravish thy Sister! Think, think *Cemal*, upon the horrid Deed.

*Cem.* I did not bring you here to rail, and am resolv'd, if you will not consent, to force you.

*Chouf.* I'll rend the Skies with shrieks, and move some pitying God, a Friend to Chastity, to come to my assistance; and see, my Prayers are heard. (*He turns hastily to look behind, the while she runs off.*)

*Cem.* Ha! is she gone? she shall not escape me so, I soon shall overtake her. *Runs off.*

*Enter Sennorat and Munzuffer, Sennorat speaks as he enters.*

Let the Coach go softly up the Hill, 'tis a cool pleasant Morning, we'll walk and overtake it: Disperse that Cloud upon thy Brow *Munzuffer*, and look as if thou wert to see thy fair lost Mistress: Have not

not I promis'd I will put no Force upon thy Heart? she may be like the Picture which you shew'd me, and therefore you may love her.

*Mun.* I wish I may, Sir, to oblige the kindest Father ever Son was blest'd with.

*Chouf.* (*within*) Help; help; is no one near?

*Mun.* Ha! a Womans Voice, it sounded this way; Art t' gone?  
The Youth is too nimble for me. (*Draws, and Exit.*)

*Sen.* But I'll not stay behind. (*Exit after him.*)

*Enter Cemal out of breath.*

*Cem.* Whoe'er they be, curse on 'em, for coming just the very minute, a little longer, and I had enjoy'd my Ends, and then she would have kept the Secret for her own sake. But this is no place to stay in, I'll get home before her, and if the silly Slut does tell her Tale, why I'll forswear it. (*Exit Cemal.*)

*Enter Sennorat and Munzuffer, leading Choufera.*

*Mun.* I'm sorry the Villain 'scap'd us.

*Sen.* Banish your fears, Madam, you are secure, we'll see you safely home, where e'er it be.

*Chouf.* How shall I return my Thanks to Heaven and you for this deliverance? (*Aside*) Sure some malevolent Star reign'd at my Birth; what I have gain'd by this most timely succour, I've lost another way:

Oh *Bebbemeah*! a Fate like thine I mourn,

A Stranger love, and for one I know not, burn.

*Sen.* Compose your Thoughts, fair Lady, and tell us where 'tis we shall wait on you.

*Chouf.* Since to the mighty Obligation I stand indebted for, you yet will add a fresh one, which I dare not refuse, for fear again of that bold Ravisher from whom you rescued me; on yonder Hill, at that great House, is where I live.

*Sen.* At *Pechai's*! 'tis thither we are going.

*Mun.* (*aside*) Sure this is not *Bebbemeah*.

*Chouf.* I beg you'd leave me in the Orange-grove, at the entrance to the Park, and to conceal the meeting me in this unlucky place, I have some Reasons for it are fit you should not know at present.

*Sen.* Fear it not Lady, we'll do as you desire.

*Chouf.* (*aside*) Who can these be; but 'tis most lucky, I shall know at least who 'tis has conquer'd me.

*Sen.*

*Sen.* Conduct the Lady to the Coach, *Munzuffer*.

*(Chouf. aside)* Ha! *Munzuffer*! this is *Bebbemeah's* fugitive Lover return'd; oh, if she see him with my Eyes, what will become of poor unhappy *Choufera*? *Exeunt omnes.*

*Scene the Second, Pechai's House.*

*Enter Pechai, Callapia, Bebbemeah, a Gentleman.*

*Pech.* *Munzuffer* return'd to his Father, say you! art t' sure on't?

*Gen.* Yes, Sir, I see him; I had just deliver'd your Letter to *Sennorat*, who sigh'd and almost wept, and cried, Ungracious Boy! thou hast broke thy Father's Heart; but strait a general Joy ran through the House, and nothing but *Munzuffer's* Name repeated: He ask'd in haste, distrustful of his Joy, what meant these Acclamations; before he could be answer'd, his Son was at his feet, imploring his Forgiveness, which he soon obtain'd: He bid me say, he'd send *Munzuffer* to beg your Mediation to his injur'd Mistress, and come himself to obtain from fair *Bebbemeah* a Pardon for his Son: I just arriv'd with these happy tidings, they will not be long after me. This Letter, Sir, he charg'd me with to you, and this to fair *Bebbemeah*.

*Exit Gent.*

*Pechai reads the Letter with signs of Joy, Bebbemeah puts hers in her Pocket unopened.*

*Pech.* Now, my *Bebbemeah*, prepare to receive the noble young *Munzuffer*.

*Beb. (kneels)* Thus low I kneel for Pardon, if I offend in what I have to say; I beg you would not give me to this man, who has shew'd such scorn, and has so much despised me.

*Call.* I cannot now but join with her, I think her Request is just.

*Pech.* Madam, I know from whence your Advice proceeds: Rise my Child, remember what I alway promis'd you, be satisfied till you see him.

*Beb.* O, where is my *Choufera*, that I may ease my overcharg'd Heart into her friendly Bosom. *Exit Bebb.*

*Enter Gentleman.*

*Gent.* My Lord, *Sennorat* is arriv'd.

*Pech.* Conduct him in; *Callapia*, pray withdraw for a few minutes. *Exit Call.*

*En-*



*Enter Sennorat and Munzuffer, Pechai meets 'em.*

*Pech.* Welcome, most noble *Sennorat*, and you, brave Youth.

*Sen.* I'm come, my Lord, with my offending Son, to entreat a Pardon for him.

*Pech.* (*smiling*) He'll find, I hope, he has no need of any, if what you writ be so.

*Sen.* Most certainly; know you this Picture? [*Shews a Picture.*

*Pech.* I do: Who waits there? (*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Desire my Wife to bring her Daughters in.*

*Mun.* (*aside*) Who can express the Torment I am in! the Wretch who lies extended on a rack is more at ease than I am.

*Enter Callapia, Bebbemeah, and Choufera.*

*Mun.* Ha! what do I see! by all the Powers of Love, the very very same; how shall I hide my Transports?

*Beb.* (*aside to Chouf.*) 'Tis he, my dear *Choufera*, the lovely charming Stranger I see in the Orange grove; I am all Joys, O help me to conceal 'em.

*Chouf.* (*aside*) And I am all Despair, unlucky miserable *Choufera*!

*Pech.* (*gives him* *Beb.*) Here *Munzuffer*, take her to your Wishes, I'm not so much a stranger to both your Hearts, to doubt the Present is not acceptable.

*To Senn.* We will withdraw, my Lord, if you think fit to spare a Maidens Blushes.

*Sen.* With all my Heart, Lovers Discourses are not for others Ears.

*Call.* They seem acquainted already, sure they before have seen each other; O, he's a lovely sweet young Gentleman.

*Exit Senn. leading Call.* *Pech.* follows; just as she is going off. she turns, O, I could gaze on him for ever.

*Mun.* Now, now my Joys are full, divinest *Bebbemeah*; but what a world of Grief you would have spar'd me, had you not us'd another's Name!

*Beb.* I'd Reason's for't, my Lord, which, when convenient, you shall know.

*Mun.* Fly you tardy hours, to bring about the time that blest *Munzuffer* may call the matchless *Bebbemeah* his.

*Beb.* My Lord. I have a doubt I do believe you can resolve; how came my Lord *Sennorat* and my Father to know our meeting in the Grove?

C

*Mun.*

*Mun.* It was the happiest minute of my Life, I told him of it; when most unkindly you had left me alone to my Despair, I homeward went full of the Idea of your charming self; next Morning 'twas design'd by my Father, for all things were in a readiness to wait on *Bebbemeah*, I found out many Excuses to put it off a little longer, but none were of force enough to prevail: I rose e're break of Day, and only with one of my Grooms, a simple honest fellow, I left my Father's House, never to see it more till I had at least found out who 'twas had robbed me of my Liberty: By what strange means I was sent back to my Father, I'll take another time to tell: But after I had gain'd his Pardon for my Disobedience, I told him my Adventure in the Grove, and shew'd him this Picture, which there you drop'd.

*Beb.* I never knew till now which way I lost it, nor can well remember for what reason I should have it about me.

*Mun.* He seem'd o'erjoy'd, embrac'd, and said I should but only see, and if your Beauty could not efface that of my Fair unknown, he would not press me to it, and help himself to find my Charmer out: He ask'd me several Questions, and if I thought my Love was not displeasing to her; Pardon me, lovely Mistress, for I told him, by what I could perceive in the small Conversation we had together, I'd made some small impression on your Heart.

*Beb.* That was the Purport of the Letter, I suppose, my Father was so pleas'd at. I find they design to surprize us both.

*Chouf. (aside)* What will become of me? I find I'm lost to all hopes for ever; ah, happy, happy Sister!

*Mun.* My dearest *Bebbem*, will you not give me leave to call you so, and hope a little Inclination, as well as Duty, gives you to *Munzaffer*.

*Beb.* 'Tis time enough, my Lord, for such Confessions.

*Enter Callapia.*

*Call. (aside to Beb.)* I can stay no longer from this charming Stranger; *Bbbemeah*, you'll surfeit your new Lover with too much forwardness; retire, I'll keep him company.

*Beb. (aside)* Malicious Woman! come *Choufera*, we must obey.

*Mun. (aside)* Curse on her, what can she mean by this?

*Exeunt Bebb. and Chouf.*

*Call.* This is a Freedom, Sir, not usual in our Country, to give young People leave to talk together before they're married; it is her Father's blind Indulgence to her, who suffers her in every thing to  
fol:



follow her own Humour, which alwaies led her to love Mens company; she's of an amorous Complexion.

*Mun.* That is a rigorous and cruel Custom, all People ought to please themselves in such a great concern as Marriage is.

*Call.* And do you like her, Sir?

*Mun.* I love her more than Life, or all things else on Earth.

*Call.* I'm sorry for't, so pretty a Gentleman deserves a better Fortune.

*Mun.* I want nothing, Madam, in having her, but Merit to deserve her; she's beautiful to adoration, and virtuous, what can the blest *Munzaffer* wish for more?

*Call.* The Levity you see her guilty of is no great sign of that.

*Mun.* It was not only by her Father's Permission, but Command, she gave me leave to tell her that I lov'd her.

*Call.* You have seen her, Sir, before, where you had opportunity enough to tell her often so.

*Mun.* We then were Strangers to each other, and 'twas by accident we met in the Orange-grove.

*Call.* A likely matter to meet in such a place by accident.

*Mun.* I'd lost my Company a hunting, and went to repose my self under the cool shade, not knowing she was there, nor any else; 'tis very easie to give credit to me, if you consider why I refused to marry *Bebbemeah*, whilst I went in search of her, far from knowing I fled from the Happiness I was seeking.

*Call. (aside)* So, this is the Secret was kept so close from me; I do not think, Sir, the Rendezvouze was given to you, but some one else, of which your coming disappointed her.

*Munz.* That I cannot believe, I'm satisfied she loves me, and no one else; I saw it by an hundred Signs at the very time I mention.

*Call. (aside)* This will not do, I find, I must be plain, I have no time to lose, for all things are with haste a preparing for the Wedding-day; I'll tell him that I love him, and if he dares refuse me, his Scorn shall seal his Doom.

*(To him.)*

Suppose, my Lord, there was another lov'd you, tho' not so young, perhaps more faithful far, would you for this fond foolish Girl refuse her?

*Mun.* There is no danger, Madam, of that tryal of my Faith, it needs no serious Answer.

*(Going.)*

*Call.* Oh stay, too lovely Stranger, and take the lost Confession of my Soul; 'tis I my self that love thee, charming Youth, and here I swear to die, if you refuse me yours.

*Mun. (aside)* Direct me, Heaven, that gave me Warning of it, which way to shun this Womans wicked Love; should I positively deny, I fear she'll take some fatal course to rob me of my Mistress; I'll flatter her Hopes till I'm possess'd of my dear *Bebbemeah*, and then I fear her not.

*Call.* Why do you pause, Sir? Is it so hard a thing to love again where you are best belov'd?

*Mun.* Pardon me, Madam, if I am surpriz'd; I am not worthy of the least part of your Affection, you have a noble Husband, who best deserves it all, I would not rob him of his just share to be the happy man my self.

*Call.* Suppose I were a Widow, would you then love me and quit my hated Rival?

*Mun. (aside)* Gods! what shall I say? Direct my erring Tongue. You are more charming and deserving than I can express, but whilst you are another's Right, I must not love you: I must beg leave to retire, I am not well.

*Exit Munz.*

*Call.* If that be all, the Objection I will soon remove, this feeble doating Husband shall not live to bar me of my Bliss, and I doubt not but the Wealth I have unknown, and what I add by *Bebbemeah's* Ruin, which I will contrive to make her Fortune mine, will charm his wavering Heart.

*Enter Cem.*

Welcome *Cem.*, thou'rt come the very minute I was wishing for thee.

*Cem. (aside)* So, I find all safe enough yet. What, to dispatch my gay young Rival, is it not?

*(To her.)*

*Call.* I charge thee touch him not; no, no *Cem.*, I have another Game to play. in which you must assist.

*Cem. (aside)* Plague on this Disappointment, that it should be my Rival too; I must keep out of sight, if they see me, all my Designs on my Sister may be prevented.

*Call.* Thou mind'st me not, what ails' *Cem.*?

*Cem.* I do, Madam, most heedfully; pray go on, and tell me what it is you'd have me do.

*Call.* A matter which you with greatest ease may compass, a Dose of Poison for my Husband.

*(Cem starts.)*

What dost thou start at? dar'st thou not undertake what I dare project? Do you but procure it, the rest I'll see perform'd.

*Cem.* I'm only vex'd to be outdone in Wickedness; you have it, tell me but the reason for it.

*Call.*

*Call.* It is for thy advantage and my happiness this wise *Munzuffer*, this wondrous Young-man, loves me *Cemat*, and would marry me, were *Pechai* but remov'd out of the way, and then, without controul, thou mightst have *Bebbemeah*.

*Cem.* (*pulls out a Vial and gives her*) I have alwaies such a necessary thing at hand, take this, and in his Coffee give him just ten drops, I dare engage my Life 'twill do his business, the Operation will be very speedy.

*Call.* It must be so, or I shall have *Munzuffer* snatch'd from me ; I'll lose no time, but instantly about it. *Exit Call.*

*Cemat solus.*

This honest old virtuous Fool I've alwaies been in fear of, I'm glad he's so disposed ; like the fierce Ranger of the *Libian* Desarts, I now will reign without controul in my Pleasures ; I am my Mothers Son I dare to swear, but sure *Chouferra*'s no Child of hers, Virtue, Modesty, and Goodness, thank *Pluto*, were never Attributes of our Family : I must take new measures with this skittish Girl, pretend Penitence, and beg her Pardon, I shall never else get another opportunity, she so carefully avoids me ; I see her coming, I'll abscond till I have secur'd her to hear me speak. *He absconds.*

*Enter Chouferra.*

*Chouf.* Where shall I go to give my Sorrows vent, and ease my poor sunk Heart, oppress'd with Grief and Sadness ? I have no Friend to pour out my Complaints to : O happy *Bebbemeah*, happy lucky Sister ! I'll not disturb thy Joys with the unfortunate Story of my Woes, I know so well thou lov'st *Chouferra*, thou'd pity her more than a Rival ought.

*Cem.* (*aside*) This is a Secret may be of use to me ; Hark ! she goes on.

*Chouf.* Take back, good Gods, the hated Life you lent, let me not live to a long Age of endless Misery : What a false Notion is it, that no one loves, but hopes ! alas, I have not one to save me, falling into the deep Abyss of horrid dark Despair : Unhappy Maid ! thou canst have no Relief from any thing but Death.

*Cem.* (*shows himself*) Why talks *Chouferra* of Death ? Tell me, my dearest Sister, who has wrong'd thee, thy Brother wears a Sword will right thy Injuries.

*Chouf.* (*aside*) I hope he has not o'erheard me.

*To*

*To him*] 'Tis thou thy self, most wicked man, be gone, or I will publish thy impious Crime, and make thee abhorr'd as much as thou deserv'st.

*Cem.* I have a Secret, Madam, of yours in keeping, you would not be well pleas'd I should discover: you love *Munzuffer*, *Chouf*era; nay, blush not, 'tis no Crime.

*Chouf.* Still, still unlucky in all I say or do?

*Cem.* *Chouf*era, say not that you have no Friend, you shall always find a true one of your Brother; distrust me not, I would redeem the Injuries I intended thee with the last drop of all my Blood; I come to ask your Pardon for my rash Attempt, which thus I humbly beg, (*kneels*) believe these Tears, (*weeps*) my Soul's all Penitence, and take me to your Mercy.

*Chouf.* Rise *Cemat*, I do forgive you, ask it of Heaven, 'twas a most foul Attempt, and not a common Sin.

*Cem.* (*weeping*) I do most earnestly, and beg you will not name it any more, I'm all Confusion at the thoughts of it, tho' Heaven and you're so good to pardon me, I never shall forgive my self.

*Chouf.* O *Cemat*, thou know'st the only Secret of my Life, keep it I charge thee, as you would one that would betray thy Liberty or Life.

*Cem.* My Life is but a Trifle, I would give that to expiate my Offence; rely on me, and if I can without a Crime make *Munzuffer* yours, it shall be done.

*Chouf.* O no, I would not injure *Bebbemeah's* Happiness to gain my own; she lov'd him with a boundless Passion before I saw him, he is her Due; my Fate's unalterable, I wish for nothing but a Grave to hide my Sorrows in. *Exit.*

*Cem.* (*laughs*) Ha, ha, ha, poor easie Fool, to believe he who dar'd to offer such a Violence can so soon repent; I'll flatter her in her love for *Munzuffer*, that will be one way to get my self into her good Opinion, which I must be possess'd of to get her in my power.

*Exit Cem.*

*Scene draws, discovers Pechai in torment, as poison'd; Sennorat, Munzuffer, Bebbemeah*

*Pech.* Throw me in Ice, and cover me with Snow, to cool this raging Fever in my Bowels, I'm all in flames, I burn, I burn; convey me

me to the River *Menam*, where I may quench my most immoderate thirst.

*Enter hastily Callapia, Choufera.*

*Call.* Run for Physicians, let no Art be spar'd to save my dearest Husband's precious Life : O most unfortunate *Callapia* ! I'll not outlive my dearest Lord, but perish with his Ashes.

*Pech.* A Chill now runs through all my Veins, Agues and Fevers successively by turns torture my perishing Entrails, O lay me, lay me in the hot Beams of the most scorching Sun, or plunge me in the Streams of boiling *Phlegeton*. I'm now again on fire ; *Sennorat*, *Munzuffer*, Wife, Daughter, all, all help to quench me. I feel a Numbness seize on all my Limbs, and Death steal gently on me ; I am now at ease.

*Eeb.* O most unhappy day of all my Life ! my dearest tenderest Father, give me your Blessing ere your Soul departs.

*Pech.* Thou hast it, Child : My Lord *Sennorat*, take her to your Care, and when my Funeral Obsequies are over, give her to *Munzuffer* ; farewell, a long farewell to all. *Disc.*

*Call.* O stay and take me with you : He's gone, he's gone, and I will follow him. *Swoons.*

*Senn.* Look to the Lady there, bow her, and give her Air ; dry up thy Tears, *Bebbemcab*, I'll be a Father to thee ; we must submit to the Decrees of Fate, do not afflict thy self for what thy Tears can never bring thee back.

*Call.* (*comes to her self*) What have you done with him ? Oh, let me bath his cold dead Checks in the warm Torrent of my boundless Tears. *Swoons again.*

*Senn.* Carry her to her Apartment ——— True Grief is seldom thus outrageous : Come *Bebbemcab*, thou art my Charge.

*Beb.* Such Grief as mine, admits no lookers on ; pray, Sir, give me leave to retire to my Chamber.

*Senn.* I must not leave you to such Grief, fair Mourner, I'll wait on you. *Exeunt.*

*Scene shuts on the Body, Cemar comes forward.*

*Cem.* So, he's safe enough ; O excellent Woman ! fit only to be the Mother of *Cemat* !

*As he goes off, enter Callapia, and calls him.*

*Call.*



*Call.* Hift, *Cemat*, come back, *Pechai's* dead, do'it know it?

*Cem.* I do, I stood conceal'd and fee your Grief, I almost thought it real, you counterfeited rarely.

*Call.* Now *Cemat*, I will pretend fuch an unbounded Grief, that like our *Indian Wives*, who burn themselves in the Pile which consumes their Husbands Bodies, fo I will feign to do, 'twill take off fufpicion.

*Cem.* You may fately venture to attempt it, you know 'tis not the Custom of our happier *Siameses*, and 'twill not be permitted you.

*Call.* But you however fhall to *Chonfera*, and tell her my intenuion, and beg her to be earneft with *Sennorat* to prevent it.

*Cem.* You need not doubt, *Chonfera* will be fure to do her part, her love to you will prompt her quickly to undertake it as foon as I have told her; I'll instantly about it.

*Exit Cem.*

*Call. folo.*

With Caution I muft aft, I have a mighty Game to play before *Munzuffer* will be mine; if *Bebbemeah* dies, her Fortune comes to me by Contract of my Marriage with *Pechai*; but let her live for my *Cemat*, I have enough, I hope, to dazle the young Eyes of my dear lovely Charmer, and move his Father to confider my Fortune, in value far exceeding hers, to be the better Match for his brave Son: I had a Prince, when I was young, who was my private Loyer, from whose vast Bounty I rais'd a moft invaluable Treafure, which I moft carefully conceal'd from *Pechai's* Knowledge, and likewise my firft Husband, in whose days it was; this I will fhew to *Sennorat*, and his moft charming Son: But something I muft do with *Bebbemeah*, to ruine her in the good Opinion of both the Son and the Father, but I will try all Arts to win him firft by fair and gentle means: They're both coming this way, now for my Handkercher and Tears again.

*Enter Sennorat and Munzuffer.*

*Call.* I had juft fent for you, my Lord, to let you know my Refolution's fix'd to expire in the Pile whose flames are to consume the dear dead Body of my much-lov'd Lord.

*Senn.* I cannot but commend the Piety to your departed Husband, but 'tis not a Custom here that will be countenanc'd, therefore you muft forbear the Thoughts, and live to be a Comfort to your Children.

*Call.* Alas! what's Life to me now he is gone, the only Comfort of it? I have that to leave my Son and Daughter, befide the Provision

tion already made most largely, will provide for them, and make 'em always happy, which I'll entrust you with, to see it equally dispos'd to both : Draw in that Chest. *[ calls at the Door.*

*Servant draws in a Chest, and exit ; she opens the Chest.*

*Senn.* Prodigious ! this is a mass would enrich an Emperor ! whence came this, Madam ?

*Call.* 'Twas given to my Father by our late King of *Siam*, for a private Service he did him, who left it all to me.

*Senn.* If you resolve to die, I will with Justice see your Will perform'd ; *Choufera* I will take into my Care, your Son's a Man, I hear, and will not like a Guardian.

*Call.* I beg, my Lord, you'd see the Rites prepar'd, I have a greater business takes up all my Thoughts. *Exit Call.*

*Enter Bebbemeah and Choufera.*

*Beb.* I come, my Lord, with my afflicted Sister, to beg you'd save her Mother from the hard Death we hear she's doom'd her self.

*Senn.* I do design, fair Ladies, to prevent it, but she's so bent upon it, I fear there's no prevailing with her to lay the Thoughts aside ; let her, to satisfy her Melancholy Humour, appear in all the solemn Pomp us'd on such occasions, and in the sight of all the lookers on I'll interpose and save her.

*Chouf.* May you be ever blest in all you wish, for this kind Pity. *Aside* Would I might die for her, and loose this miserable Load of Life I bear. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Callapia.*

*Call.* This I have overheard most luckily ; thus far Success has crown'd my Designs.

*The Brave that dare may always happy be,  
Laugh at the Fates, and baffle Destiny.*

*The End of the Second ACT.*

D

ACT



## A C T III.

*Scene draws, discovers the Body of Pechai laid on a Pile of Wood, Callapia dress'd in white, seated at the feet of Pechai's Body, with a Garland of Flowers on her Head; Sennorat, Munzuffer, Cemat at a distance, Ebbemeah and Choufera in mourning Veils, six Priests, and two Women. Two Priests and two Women sing the following Song.*

First Priest.

**H**ence, you infernal Spirits, come not near  
This sacred Pile, let those pure Ashes rest :  
His spotless Soul to the great God's most dear  
Ascend through these bright Flames up to the Blest.

Second Priest.

O Vespa ! place this Urn safe from the reach  
Of the black Serpent of the House of Smoak :  
Let his most pious Life Example teach,  
The God of thousand Gods we thus invoke.

Chorus together.

Great Tanagoopoo, hear our Prayer,  
These Ashes take into thy Care ;  
Keep the foul Dragon in his Den,  
The Enemy of Gods and Men.

First Woman.

Thou that to Virgin-Prayers an Ear dost lend,  
Sacred Amida, Goddess of our Vow,  
To thy chaste Care these Ashes we commend,  
Thy Favour to our just Request allow.

Second Woman.

To Paradise his holy Soul convey,  
What happy Spirits on the Good do wait,  
Where the bright Sun makes an eternal Day,  
Pleasant for ever from the reach of Fate.

They all walk round the Pile, singing this Chorus together, and set fire to the pile with Torches, which they have in their Hands all the time.

Ascend, ye Flames, up to the Skies,  
We with it send our Prayers and Cries :  
Great Tanagoopoo bow thine Ear,  
Vouchsafe our Prayers and Tears to hear.

Chouf.

*Chouf.* O save her, save her from the raging Flames.

*Senn.* (*takes Call. up by the Hand*) It is enough, *Callapia*, you have show'd your Kindness to your Husband surpassing far the common Love of Wives, I must not let you die.

*Call.* Will you not let me go to *Paradise*, most barbarous Man!

*She endeavours to break from him, they all gather about her, and hold her, the Scene shuts behind them on the Pile.*

*Senn.* Conduct her to her Chamber, and there let's labour all to give her quiet. (*Exeunt all but Cemal, who comes forward.*)

*Cem.* Ha, ha, ha, you need not take such care of her, she has out-done the very Original of Dissimulation, I could e'en hug my self to see our thriving Plots go on so fast: Are they coming? They must not see me. *Abseonds.*

*Enter Sennorat and Munzuffer.*

*Senn.* She's so immoderate in her Grief, all Reasoning is in vain.

*Munz.* A little time will wear it off, now, Sir, I beg you to proceed to solemnize our Marriage, I have some boding Thoughts I cannot overcome, which makes me fear my *Bebbemeah* will be snatch'd away.

*Senn.* That cannot be, my Son, you know she's at my disposal, but to disperse thy Fears, this very night she shall be yours, beyond the reach of Fortune to take her from you.

*Cem. (aside)* Say you so, you may be mistaken; this must to my Mother. *Exit Cemal.*

*Munz.* Shine, shine my Stars, and *Hymen* light his Torch, and thou great Goddess that attends on Marriage Rites, bless our mutual loves.

*Enter Bebbemeah and Choufera.*

O *Bebbemeah*! lovely Mistress, say, wilt thou not give thy wondrous Beauty up to blest *Munzuffer's* Longings? This very night gives *Bebbemeah* to me; and nothing waits to crown my Joys but thy Consent.

*Beb.* It is too soon, my Lord, to talk of Joys, my dearest Father's Ashes yet are warm; delay it longer, 'tis indeed too soon.

*Senn.* You know it was your Father's dying word, and tho' I may command you to it, I only will entreat; there's danger in Delays, *Munzuffer*, do not leave her till you have gain'd the point, whilst I take care that nothing else be wanting to compleat it. *Exit Senn.*

*Enter hastily Callapia, Cemal looks in with her.*

*Call. (to Cem.)* To night! it cannot, must not be, stay you within my Call. *D 2* *To*

To Beb.] Ungrateful *Bebbemeah*! can you so soon forget your tender loving Father, to talk of Marriage? the Funeral Pile is hardly yet extinguish'd; withdraw, I'll talk to your Lover about it.

*Exeunt Bebb. and Chouf.*

*Aside*) Now all my Fears return.

To Munz.] Have you forgot, noble *Munzaffer*, when you the proffer of my Love refus'd, it was because I was another's Right? what hinders now to take me to your Arms, instead of *Bebbemeah*? that vast Wealth I shew'd you shall be yours, take it all and me unto your Bosom.

*Munz.* 'Tis you forget the Grief so lately show'd for your dear Husband's death, and, I must tell you, 'tis *Bebbemeah* wholly has my Heart, her Image there so deeply is impress'd, nothing can blot it out, do not for pity interrupt my Joys, could I love another, it should be you.

*Call.* What are thy Joys to me, if I must be unhappy? Consider, *Munzaffer*, what thou dost refuse; I sue thee for thy Love, she but obeys her Father; besides, she long since was contracted to my Son, her broken Vows will pull down Vengeance from the Gods upon herself and you.

*Munz.* Forbid it Heaven, I love her with that Passion, I'll through all Obstacles whate'er they be, without her I am ruin'd.

*Call.* And with her too, fond Youth, she's not the virtuous modest thing you take her for, she's lewd as Hell, there's scarce a Slave or Groom in all her Father's House but has enjoy'd her; you'll find it so when 'tis too late to help it.

*Munz.* It cannot be, I'm sure you wrong her Virtue; I see thou'rt a Counterfeit all over, thy Grievs just now were not to be repair'd, and now thou'rt suing for another Husband, would you had died before you troubled thus the Quiet of my Soul.

*Call.* I would I had indeed, since you can be so cruel to her who tells you of the danger that you may escape; 'twas only for your sake that I did live, O throw this Prostitute from thy generous Heart, and take me in her room.

*(Takes his Hand)*

*Munz.* Stand off Witch, Sorceress, I hate thee most implacably; I'd sooner take, with all their curling Snakes, Furies to my Arms; thou sure art one of them, thou hast sent a Viper to my Bosom, which by a wound unseen has pierc'd me through the Heart.

*Snatches his Hand away.*

*Call.*

*Call.* (*aside*) Patience, I must be calm. (*To him*) Most barbarous *Munzuffer* ! is this the Recompence you give my Love ? I'll take my self for ever from your sight, and weep, like *Niobe*, into a Marble Statue, to leave a lasting Monument of thy unmanly Cruelty. (*going.*)

*Mun.* Leave me not, I charge you, come back and tell me.

Yet what I know not. [*Takes hold of her, stamps and turns from her.*]

*Call.* You'd have me unsay what I told you of *Bebbemeab* ; is it not so, my Lord ?

*Munz.* (*kneels*) Was it then false ? I know it was ; say but so *Cal-lapia*, see, at your Feet *Munzuffer* falls, unask'd I do forgive you, ease but my tortur'd Mind, and say she's innocent.

*Call.* I'll say so if you please, or any thing you'd have me.

*Mun.* (*rises*) Thou hast restor'd me to my self again ; O my divinest *Bebbemeab*, pardon my jealous Thoughts.

*Call.* How soon you'd cheat your self in what you wish ! consider what I said, and think if it be a just occasion of this mighty Joy.

*Mun.* Ha, what say you ? Did you not tell me she is innocent of those black Crimes you charg'd her with in Passion ?

*Call.* I told you I would say what you would have me, did that include her guiltless ? Worthy *Munzuffer*, believe e're 'tis too late her Shame and thine, if you joyn Wedlock with this infamous Creature.

*Munz.* To what a Labyrinth am I hurried on ! I'll hear no more, I'm sure you wrong her, yet I am all distraction. *Exit Munz.*

*Call.* Go Fool, I think I have stung thee to some purpose, I have not done with thee : Done, did I say ? I yet have scarce begun : if all the Stratagems and Art that Woman ever practis'd can compass him, I yet will make him mine. Come in, *Cemat*, and help me to effect this *Bebbemeab*'s, this Idol of his Soul's destruction, *he has down right refus'd my Love.* *Calls at the Door. Enter Cemat.*

*Cem.* What, break his Promise to you ! his Life shall make you satisfaction.

*Call.* No, my *Cemat*, then I lose all my Hopes ; I've rais'd his thoughts to doubts of her already, which I'll convince him of to be all Truth, by having a black Slave found with her on the Bed, himself shall see it ; 'twill ruine her for ever in his Opinion, and cause a Breach, which never shall be heal'd, if I can help it.

*Cem.* It looks with a good Face, if you can bring it well about.

*Call.* (*gives him a little Box*) Take this Pill, in some Liquor dissolve

it,

it, and give it to one of her own Slaves, no matter which, 'twill cause immediate Sleep as sound as Death, I'll take the same care of *Bebbemeah*, when you have done convey him to her Apartment, and leave me to the rest.

Your Duty in your quick dispatch be known :

This hour, kind Fate, and then he's sure my own. *Exeunt severally*

*Enter Sennorat and Munzuffer.*

*Senn.* It is a Calumny thrown on her, believe it not, my Son, upon my life you'll find it so ; however we'll delay the Marriage for some time, and keep the strictest watch on all her Actions ; *Callapia* may have some Design in it, tho' what I know not.

*Munz. (aside)* Too well I guess : I know not what to think, but I am more distracted with my Doubts than if I knew the worst, for then I should so much abhor her. I soon should gain my Quiet.

*Senn.* I never lik'd *Callapia*, she is a subtle Woman ; I look upon the information with less concern, because it came from her ; perhaps she has a mind to thee her self : Ha, you blush ! nay, then 'tis so indeed, the Wealth she shewed thee has seduc'd thy Heart from *Bebbemeah*, which makes you so easily entertain an ill Opinion of her.

*Munz.* Sir, your Reproaches are too severe, and most unjust, I love fair *Bebbemeah* above my Life or Liberty, I'd rather live a wandering Fugitive, by all but her forsaken, than sit on the bright Throne of our great *Siam's* King without her : *Callapia*, Sir, cannot by any means seduce my faithful Heart, tho' I must own she has endeavour'd it.

*Senn.* Then banish all thy Doubts, and take thy *Bebbemeah* to thy Bosom, 'tis all Design, where's thy Sense, that thou dost not perceive it ?

*Munz.* I would most willingly believe it so, but sure she could not be so very wicked without some Cause.

*Senn.* Is not that Cause enough ? Go, go, and find thy *Bebbemeah* out, a sight of her will quite dispel thy Fears.

*[As he is going out Callapia's Woman meets him and whispers him.]*

*Munz.* *Callapia* speak with me ! tell her I'll wait on her.

*Aside* ] Perhaps 'tis to confess the Wrong she has done, I'll go what-e'er it be.

*Exit Munz.*

*Senn. (alone)* I ever since *Pechai's* death have had a suspicion of his being poison'd, he died with all the Signs, and much I fear *Callapia's* Hand was in it, I must examin when first her Love begun to *Munzuffer*, that might be the cause of his untimely End, and all her Grief dis-



dissembl'd to palliate her Crime; the Resolution too of burning might be the same, for well she knew she should be sav'd : Here comes her Daughter, for once I'll listen, I may discover something by it. [*absconds*]

*Enter Choufera.*

*Chouf.* I am denied admittance to *Bebbemeah's* Chamber, what's the meaning of't I know not, but much I fear some foul Play's design'd. My Mother sent for her to come to her Apartment : *Cemat* too I met in haste going to *Callapia*, I would have spoke to him, but could not make him stay, such was his haste : And just now I see *Munzuffer* enter my Mother's Lodgings; there must be something in't, good Heavens protect her, I know my Mother alwaies hated her.

*Senn.* This is as I would have it; if they're all together, they'll quickly come to clearing the business; I hope she does repent of what she said, and gives this meeting to reconcile the matter : *Choufera* may perhaps interrupt 'em, I'll divert her some other way. [*shows himself.* *Choufera*, I have some business, pray let me talk with you.

*Takes her Hand, leads her off.*

*Chouf. (aside)* O my confusion ! I fear he knows I love his charming Son.

*Enter Munzuffer and Callapia.*

*Call.* I sent for you, *Munzuffer*, to let you know your *Bebbemeah*, whom you'r so fond of, has given up her right in you to me, and says she loves you not, nor ever did, and is resolv'd to give her self to my Son *Cemat* : Now, *Munzuffer*, see who loves you best, and be not still ungrateful.

*Munz.* How can you say you love me, Madam, and find so many ways to torture me ? I'm sure 'tis false, she did confess to me her self she lov'd me.

*Call.* She told you so indeed she said, but 'twas to please her Father, she now is Mistress of her self, and will not be imposed on in her Choice; she added likewise, if you distrusted what I said, she'd tell you so her self.

*Munz.* If she does that, I'll never trouble her again; I shall not think her worth the asking for.

*Call.* I'll lead you to her Chamber, if she's there, you'll be convinc'd that what I say is true.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene draws, discovers Beb. asleep on a Couch, with a black Slave in her Arms.*

*Enter at another Door Munzuffer and Callapia.*

*Mun.* Ha ! what do I see ! sure 'tis Delusion ! all, I dare not trust my sight; good Gods, can that be *Bebbemeah* !

*Call.*

*Call.* Infamous Girl! this was an unexpected sight, but now, I hope, you are convinc'd of my Truth and her Disloyalty.

[*Call. runs to the Couch, and kills the Black with a Dagger.*  
Lye, sawcy Slave, it is not fit thou shouldst outlive so foul a Crime to boast of. [*The Slave falls dead from off the Couch, at which Beb. wakes.*

*Beb. (rising)* Ha, where am I? what means this Blood upon my Garments?

*Call.* Look there, lascivious Girl, and see by me your black *Amorat* slain.

*Beb.* Mine! Heavens, what d'ye mean? this is some Plot upon my Honour: say, *Munzuffer*, sure you will tell me truth, how came all this to pass? how came I here, you, and *Callapia*, and that poor wretch who lies weltring in his Blood?

*Call. (aside to Munz.)* Observe her great concern for him.

*Mun.* Sure 'tis no wonder, Madam, to find you in your own Apartment, but to be found in the Embraces of a poor Slave, who you must court to satisfy your Lust, think, think on that, false *Bebbemeab*.

*Beb.* How *Munzuffer*! do you conspire against me too? you cannot sure believe so foul a thought of me.

*Call. (to Mun.)* I must confess I oft have heard of this, and tho' I told you of it, I ne'er before was an Eye-witness of her Infamy; O, I am sick with Grief and Shame for this lewd Prostitute, I can bear the sight of her no longer.

*Exit Call.*

*Mun.* O *Bebbemeab*! is it possible that heavenly Form, surprising Fair, should hide so black a Soul? had the great Rulers of the enamell'd Sky descended and told me this, I would not have believ'd 'em; but with my own Eyes wide open, to thy shame, to view thy lustful Sin, there is not one bare Hope left me, that I might be deceiv'd. Adieu.

[*Going, she takes hold of him.*

*Beb.* O stay and hear me speak; I am ruin'd and betray'd, by whom or by what means I cannot tell; how that Wretch came here, by all the sacred Powers, I know not, I'm truly innocent, my dear *Munzuffer*, believe me so, or I am lost for ever.

*Mun.* Did not I see your fair white Arms lay twin'd about that sooty fellow's Neck, and all that melting lovely Body in his black lustful Arms? is this to be forgiven by a young Lover, who almost died each day for the enjoyment of that Treasure a poor despis'd Slave has rob'd thee of?

*Beb.*



*Beb.* I do not ask Forgiveness *Munzuffer*, I have not committed any Crime that needs it.

*Mun.* O monstrous ! not a Crime to be found in the Arms of a black loathsome Slave!

*Gets from her, and is going.*

*Beb.* This barbarous Usage to me you'll repent, Heaven, who of Innocence takes care, will clear the wrong you do my Virtue; you cannot entertain, I'm sure, so vile a Thought of your once-lov'd *Bebbemeah*: You shall not leave me till you believe me, as I am most innocent of this black Crime you unjustly charge me with.

*He offers to go, she catches hold of him on her knees, and follows him as she speaks.*

*Mun.* Why would you keep me with you, Madam, you've given your Interest up in me to be another's Right.

*Beb.* I give my Interest up ! what is't you mean ? I see the Powers of Hell are all conspir'd to ruine *Bebbemeah*; my dear-lov'd Lord, hear and believe my Vows: May ne'er the Sun's all-cheering Light appear to my benighted Eyes, but an eternal Darkness alwaies cover me; may this poor Body, which you once did love, be the living Prey of Lions, Bears, or Tygers; and all the Hopes I ever had for Happiness, prove endless Curses to me, if e'er my Heart, so much as in one Thought, stray'd from you since first you took the sole possession there. And for this horrid Injury you do my spotless Fame, may I unpitied die, loath'd and abhor'd by all, and leave an everlasting Scandal on my Name to all succeeding Ages, if e'er a Deed so foul was known to the chaste Soul of the much-wrong'd *Bebbemeah*.

*Mun.* My Heart pleads strongly, and I would believe thee, but 'tis impossible, did not I see thy Falshood my self; I'll hear no more, farewell for ever.

*(Going, she holds him.)*

*Beb.* You must, you shall believe me, I will not let you go till I have quite drove out this black Suspicion from your noble Soul.

*[He breaks from her, which pulls her on the ground, and exit.]*

O, can I hold no longer, he's gone, he's gone, here I will lye and never rise again; Oh, kindest Mother Earth ! open, and in thy Bowels hide my everlasting shame, swallow me deep into the Center, that no Remains be ever found of wretched *Bebbemeah*, to put the World in mind that once there was such an unhappy Maid.

*(pauses and weeps)*

Ha ! I have found out now the whole Design ! The Wealth *Callapia* shew'd has corrupted him, and this a Trick of both for a Pretence to break our Marriage off: ungenerous man ! was it not Injustice enough to break thy Vows, but sacrifice my Fame to thy Perfidiousness ? curst,

E

curst

curst Gold, what mighty Evil is it that thou hast not done?

*Enter Choufera.*

*Chouf.* Ha, *Bebbemeah*! my dearest Sister; why in this posture, and why that Face and Voice of Sorrow? *(Runs to take her up.)*

*Beb.* No, *Choufera*, let me lye on this cold Bed, like *Byblis*, I would weep my self into a streaming Fountain: O Sister, cou'd you think it! I'm betray'd by thy false Mother and falser base *Munzaffer*; they found me here (by what means they best can tell, I'm sure I cannot) in that murder'd Monster's Arms; can you, *Choufera*, believe me such a Prostitute? if you forsake me too, I am abandon'd by all the World.

*Chouf.* No, *Bebbemeah*, I never will forsake thee, but like a Friend indeed, partake of all thy wretched Fortune: Treacherous Man! would he not hear thee plead thy Innocence?

*Beb.* He gave no credit to all that I could say; no, no, thy Mother, by a Wealth she has unknown to thee, has charm'd his avaricious Mind, and snatch'd his Heart from me.

*Chouf.* Stay not in this most unlucky place, poor ruin'd *Bebbemeah*, fly to some private corner of the World, where we will end our days together, and ne'er be heard of more.

*Beb. (rising)* It shall, it shall be so, I'll go for ever from the sight of this false perjur'd Man, but you, my dearest only Friend, must stay to right, if possible, my blasted Reputation; I have a Maid who long has waited on me, whose Faith and Love I've had sufficient Proof of, I'll take her with me.

*Chouf.* I never can consent to leave thee in such Misery, I'll follow and share thy mighty Sorrow, it never shall be said *Choufera* forsakes her *Bebbemeah* when most she has need of Comfort.

*Beb.* Or will I e'er involve my dearest Friend in my unheard of Woos.

*Enter Sardea.*

*Sar.* O Madam! fly from this fatal place; I just now heard designs are laid against your dearest Life; *Callapia's* Woman has undertaken, by her perswasion, to poyson you, which she consented to, to hinder employing some one else that might perform her devilish Commands; she came and told me of it, to give you timely Warning.

*Chouf.* Most wicked Woman! I will not call thee Mother.

*Beb.* Yet I would not so tamely die, and leave an everlasting Blot upon my Name; What shall I do, *Sardea*, or whither shall I go?

*Sar.* Close by the *Menam's* side, on *Levo's* Plain, there is a House the People whereot I know very well, there you may be conceal'd till we can find a Vessel to transport us further.

*Chouf.*

*Chouf.* Till then Ple here remain, and give you daily information of all that passes; but go no further I charge thee, *Bebbemeah*, without *Choufera* with thee.

*Beb.* (*kisses her*) Bring all my Jewels, *Sardea*, I may have use of 'em. And now, my *Choufera*, adieu; my sad Heart bodes I ne'er shall see thee more.

*Exit Sardea, returns with a Corket.*

*Chouf.* Take not this solemn Leave, Ple see thee e're I sleep.

*Exeunt Bebb. and Sardea.*

*Chouf.* This poor perfidiousness of base *Munzuffer* has almost cur'd my Passion for him; but still I am unhappy, to be the Daughter of such a wicked Mother, 'tis my dearest Sister's Calamities that now afflict me most.

*Enter Sennorat.*

*Sen.* Where is this injur'd Lady, this abused *Bebbemeah*?

*Chouf.* Where indeed, most generous Lord, 'tis noble in you to vindicate oppress'd and helpless Virtue; she's gone, I know not where, to voluntary Exile.

*Sen.* O mad, rash, foolish Boy! thou'lt thrown away a Treasure never perhaps to be recover'd; this was *Callapia's* doings, wicked Woman! forgive me, Lady, I had forgot she is your Mother.

*Chouf.* I wish I could forget it too, but I disown all Duty to her, who has forgot her self and Goodness.

*Enter Munzuffer discontented.*

*Sen.* So, Sir! you're come to triumph, are you, at the fine piece of work your rashness has cut out; you've sent your *Bebbemeah* from you ne'er to be recal'd; there now remains no Obstacle, you'd best take your *Callapia*, the contriver of all this fatal mischief, (*angrily*) but if you do, I charge you never see me more, and may an angry Father's Curse still follow thee; I hope she will reward you as you deserve for your Credulity.

*Exit Sennorat, Choufera offers to go.*

*Munz.* Stay, stay *Choufera*, and tell me what my angry Father means and where's *Bebbemeah*; I do begin to think we both have been abus'd, and I to blame.

*Chouf.* To blame indeed, unfaithful man! you know her Innocence too well, and thou'd you now repent, she's gone beyond the reach of hearing thy Remorse, and by thy treacherous Vows, broken to Heaven and her, will never be deluded more.

*Exit Chouf.*

*Munz.* If, *Bebbemeah*, thou art guiltless, what an unhappy man has lost *Munzuffer* made himself!

*Reveal, kind Heaven, (if so she be) her Truth and my Offence;*

*My Blood shall expiate the wrong is done her Innocence.*

*Exit Munz.*

## A C T IV.

*Scene the Plain of Levo, a little Country-house at a small distance.*

*Enter Muto and Metam.*

*Mut* **W**HY where's this *Chavo*? the Fool is alwaics out o'th' way whan he shou'd be doing himself good.

*Met.* Look'e now, you're so hasty a Dog won't live with you, as the Saying is, call him all to naught presently, tho' you know not wherefore; he's gone to put on his Holiday-clothes, I hope you wou'd not have yon fine Gentlewoman see him in his Every-day Gere, wou'd you trow?

*Mut.* No, no, I'm pacified, a word to the wife; but this poor Gentlewoman is huge molloncholy, *Metam*, can you tell what ails her, or who is she?

*Met.* No truly, not I, but *Sardea* says 'tis her Sister, tho' I don't believe it, she's so much finer and handsomer; poor Heart, she takes on pitifully, it makes a bodies Heart yern to hear her; she sighs and crys, and won't tell what the matter's with her, and won't eat one bit of Victuals.

*Mut.* Well, I hope our Sports will make her merry; but why don't this Boy come? one might a cut half a Field of Rice in the time he's bin dressing, wou'd I war behind him, I'd make him a little quicker.

*Met.* Lord Husband, you have no forecast with you, let him have time to smug himself a little, you don't know but the young Gentlewoman may cast a Sheeps-eye upon him, and like him; *Chavo's* as pretty a Stripling as any's in forty mile arand, when he's as his best Clothes on. *Sardea* may say what she will, but I warrant her huge rich, she's as a Box full of the bravest shining things I e'er see all days of my Life, 'twou'd e'en make a-bodies Eys dazle to look on 'em: O *Mute*, if we could get her in the mind to have our *Chavo*, 'twou'd be the making of us all; and, who knows but we may ride in our Palankeens as well as the best?

*Mut.* Away, away you fool, such a fine Gentlewoman look upon our Son! why I warrant she ne'er milk'd a Cow in all her Life, and knows no more how to fat our Pullen than the Man in the Moon.

*Met.* For that matter, she'd quickly learn. O, here comes *Chavo*, do but see, Husband, how pure handfom he looks. *En-*

*Enter Chavo, powder'd all over ridiculously.*

**Mut.** Hei, hei! handsom, kether! sure somebody has been roulng him in the Rice; sirrah, you a spoil'd your clothes. [*offers to beat it off.*]

**Chav.** Nay, what de do, Faather? now to zee your ignorance, why 'tis all the fashon, man; it came over from *England* with the last Ship came in here, there's no-body look'd upon that is not bedon zo; nay, they zay the fine Ladies like it so hugeously, they powder their Dogs and Monkeys.

**Mut.** Nay, nay, an 'tis the fashon, well and good, I'm contented.

**Chav.** Well, but where's thiz hanzom Gen'l:woman? shaunt I zee her? adzflesh, I want to be at her, as a body may zay.

**Met.** Fair and sofily Son at her, marry gap, pray keep your distance, and make a fine Leg every time you speak to her; be sure you behave your self handsomly.

**Chav.** Why what a-pies, iz she made of, musten she be tucht? zure a Man may bus her, az a body may zay, and no harm dun.

**Mut.** Hark'e, Sirrah, don't you be zawcy, but keep your Busses to your self you'd best, she may be angry, and leave us in a pett, and then what shall we get by your Busses?

**Chav.** Well, well, if I mustent I mustent, what a coil is here about a Bus! marry, I've laid o'er the Lips as good as she, and no disparagement to her: Are all the Slaves come up? when must we begin? I long to be at it.

*(Shakes his Legs.)*

**Met.** Not till she come, 'twont be long first.

**Chav.** Here's a heavy fust with her; an now if she wont have a body, after all, why then all the F.t's in the Fire again.

*Enter Bebbemeah and Sardea.*

**Chav.** Adzflesh, is this she? she's terrible hanzom indeed, I long to be at her; odsnigs, I have much ado to keep my Hands off from her. Goodlackaday, how scornful she looks! Ple be as stout as she, and then perhaps she'l be more coming.

*Advances towards her, cringing and making legs, Bebbemeah looks at him, and turns to Sardea.*

*(Retreats.)*

**Beb.** Why dost thou bring me here, *Sardea*? such Woes as mine are not to be alleviated by Musick, I have no tast of any of their Sports, no Sound is grateful to my bleeding Heart, but the sad note of mourning *Philomel*, or the repining voice of discontented *Eccho*: I would not see any thing that bears the Shape of faithless Man.

**Sar.** They'l take't unkindly, Madam, should you refuse to see their Entertainment, they mean it well to please you, seem so however, —  
you



you know we have use of them as long as we stay here, and therefore must oblige 'em.

*Chav.* (to *Met.*) Why, what's the matter, trow? is she in her pouts?

*Met.* No, no, she's hougely discontented, poor Soul; I know not what the matter's with her, go and speak to her.

*Chav.* Nay, nay, and that be all, let me alone for speaking. (goes to her.) You're welcome to our House, forsooth, az a body may zay.

*Sard.* This is our Landlord's Son, Madam.

*Beb.* Thank you, Friend.

*Chav.* Thank you, Friend, is that all? Adzsflesh, I'll to her again for all that: You're woundy fine methinks, Mistress; Do you wear these fine Clothes every day? you'd need have a power of Mony to buy such costly Gere. (Looks all round her.)

*Beb.* I'm glad you like it.

*Chav.* Like it kother, I never zee the like in all my born days, not I; but for all that, the best piece is in the middle, as a body may zay: Odfnigs, if you'd but like me half zo well, I'd quickly fet you out of your dumps.

*Beb.* Sure Fortune designs me for her Sport. (turns from him.) Pray learn your Son more Manners, I shall be angry else.

*Mut.* Sarrah, learn more Respect to the Gentlewoman, or I'll so belabour you, I'll make you feel it this two days.

*Chav.* Nay, an she be so proud, I can keep my distance an that be all; I won't come near you again mun, if you'd kiss — Adzsflesh, what was I going to zay!

*Met.* Pray forsooth don't take pleasure in his words, he dus not mean any harm to you, 'tis for want of Wit and Mannors.

*Chav.* Marry an you'd need talk of that too, 'tiz az you've taught me, and who's the Fool then? but I meant no harm, by Jingo, not I; I only zay you're a woundy hanfom Gentlewoman, an I hope that's no Offence; but I warant I pleaz you again when we come to daunce, there's ne'er a Lad on all the Plain can outdo me, tho' I zay it that shouldn't; nay, and I can zing too, marry can I.

*Beb.* I do not question it.

*Chav.* Then why ar you zo stout? Ar you angry because a body loves you? or is it because you're zo much finer than I? Adzsflesh, if you'd but let me lye with you two or three Nights, you'd love me too; the Hogs love by 'ying together.

*Mut.*

*Mut. (holds up his Stick)* Sarrah, you will not leave your prating till I let old Crabtree about your Shoulders.

*Chav.* What, would you have a body stand like Mumchance, az if I didn't know better than your old mouldy Chops how to car my zelf to a Gentlewoman; 'tis the fashon to talk a great deal, tho' never zo little to the purpose, an if you don't like't, you may leave it, an that be all.

*Beb.* Prithee *Sardea*, let me not be tortur'd with that Fool's Impertinence, I have more weighty Thoughts to entertain than his ridiculous Folly.

*Sard.* Are the Dancers ready *Chavo*? I long to see you begin.

*Chav.* May be thay ar, may be thay ant, I'd a told her pointing to Beb. an she'd ask'd me.

*Sard.* And why won't you tell me?

*Chav.* Because you ant half so hansom as she; you may be angry too an you will, I don't care.

*Sard.* Ay, but *Chavo*, I can speak a good word for you to your Mistress, you know she's my Sister, and will follow my Advice.

*Chav.* Marry, an you will, I'll give you the best Flock of Sheep my Faather haz.

*Sard.* Well, say no more, you shall see what I'll do if you will but begin.

*Chav.* An zo we will then presently, (whistles.)  
and that will fet 'em, I warrant ye, if they war ne'er zo far a field: Now mind how purely I wag my Legs, you never zee the like man, I can tell you that.

I'll daunce and zing, and do my best to win her,

An if she won't be pleas'd, the Devil's in her.

*Enter Men and Women; dance after the Indian manner: Chavo joins with 'em.*

*Chav.* You zee forsooth we be merry Folks, how de like this Sport, az a body may zay?

*Beb.* Exceeding well.

*Sard.* You dance and sing to a Miracle *Chavo*.

*Chav.* 'Tis your pleasure to zay zo, but I think I do pretty well for one of my inches; Adz flesh, we'll make you az merry az a Cricket if you do but stay amongst us a little while, az a body may zay: But I can do more than this mun, I can pitch the Bar, play at Cat and Cudgels, and wrastle with e'er a one in a good way; I'll try a Fall with you:

you en you will forsooth.

*{ Puts his Hair behind his Ears, and sets himself in a posture for wrestling. }*

*Mut.* De think Gentlewomen use to wrastle, you Boobee you?

*Chav.* Marry, an she may e'en do worse, as the Zongzays; but you ar so given to call a body ill Names, if you wan't my Faather, adzflesh, Pd crack your Conundrum for you; no more a Boobee than zomebody else, if you go to that.

*Beb.* I thank you all for this Diversion, I know 'twas so design'd, I hope I shall not give Offence to any, if I retire to my Chamber, I have some Business to dispatch requires my bei g alone; come *Sardea*.

*Chav.* (to *Sard.*) Will you remember your Promise?

*Sard.* Never fear it, I'll do your business for you. *Ex. Beb. & Sard.*

*Chav.* (aside) Now an I can get this brave Gentlewoman, I'll have no more to zay to these old folks, let 'em e'en look another Zon for *Chavo*, I'll disown 'em when I grow rich, az 'tíz the fashion, for fear of being put in mind of my Pedigree.

*Mut.* So *Sarrah*, hant you carr'd your self finely, perhaps she's angry, and will leave our House.

*Chav.* Marry an let her be pleas'd again for *Chavo*, musten she be lookt upon? 'tis all long of your niggardliness; you might ha' let me had zome new Clothēs to a gone a suitoring in; you may e'en thank your zelf, what de tell me of it for?

*Mut.* Come *Metam*, let's go and get the best Cheer we can for her Supper, poor Soul, she's eat nothing since she came.

*Chav.* Marry, an I won't feed of her Diet then; *Exeunt Muto and Met.* but let her eat as little as she will, so much the better, I have Stomach enough for her and my self too, an that be all; Adzflesh, I can but think how rarely I shall live, I'll eat nothing but Polo and Corry; she's deadly hanfom, I love her better already than my little dapper Mare, she's worth a hundred of her: Well, if *Sardea* can but get her for me, I don't know how I shall make her amends; but she's zo coy, az if a body warn't az good Flesh and Blood az she: Adzflesh, if I could but get zome Love-powder and give her, that would do rarely.

Well, I resolve to try what may be done,

Fair Lady with faint Heart war never won. *Ex. Chav.*

*Scene Callapia's House. Enter Callapia and Cemat.*

*Call.* To 'scape me thus, when all my Plots were ripe for execution! I'm all Confusion at it; should she return, I'm ruin'd for ever in all

De-

Designs upon *Munzuffer*, *Sennorat* most zealously pleads for her Innocence, his Son, I hear, inclines to think her so, and is deaf to all the Overtures I make him; *Sennorat* is my deadly Enemy, and does suspect me of my Husband's Death, I must not suffer such Thoughts to grow upon him, but nip 'em in the Bud, take the old Dotard off, and spoil his thinking.

*Cem.* You're blinded with your Passion, and thirst of *Bebbemeab's* B'ood; 'tis better as it is, for had you effected your Designs upon her Life, you would have been believ'd to be the Cause; and think what Hopes you then must e'er have had of your *Munzuffer's* Love: She's safe enough, where-e'er she is, from returning hither again, her flight was voluntary, and the same Reason that caus'd it will keep her from coming back: Try all the fair means possible to gain *Munzuffer*, no other way will do, Force cannot compel him to marry you.

*Call.* If *Bebbemeab* never does return, her Fortune falls to me; or if she does, I'll take such care she never shall enjoy it: Can I before but possess my self of dear *Munzuffer*, I then will happy be in spite of Fate, and triumph o'er the Mischief I have done; her Wealth added to what I have already, would tempt a King to falsifie a Vow made even at the Altar: I'll find him instantly, and will not leave till I have made him mine, if possible; but if he still persists in his Ingratitude, I will not longer bear his Scorn, he shall be mine or no ones else, by Heavens.

(Going.)

*Cem.* Stay Madam, you forget that *Bebbemeab* was the Reward you promis'd for my Services.

*Call.* Why find her if you can, and take her, you would not have me seek her for you, perhaps she's conceal'd in some of the neighbouring Villages, you'll do well to search.

*Cem.* You know I do not value her, nay, hate her for her scorn of me, it is her Fortune, Madam, that I'd have, and do expect; consider if I do not well deserve it.

*Call.* Trust to thy Mother's Care, *Cemat*, I'll see thee well provided for, thou dost deserve more than I have to give thee.

*Cem.* I thank you, Madam, but I will not trust your Care or Courtesy, I claim it as my Due; I find you do reserve it all to promote your own Happiness, and ne'er take care of mine.

*Call.* Why art thou so mistrustful of thy Mother's Love? it shall be all thine whene'er I die, and whilst I live thou shalt command at all times what thou wilt: Be satisfied, I will most largely recompence

F

thy

thy Services, let me but make *Munzuffer* mine; thou then shalt share in all things thou canst wish.

*Cem.* Think not to put those Tricks on me you have to all beside, I know you too well to be my self deceiv'd; there's nothing shall or will content me, but putting all *Bebbemeah's* Wealth into my present possession; you will not do discreetly to refuse me, you know your Life is in my power, I would not willingly betray you, but yet I will (like you) sacrifice all things to my Interest.

*Call.* (*aside*) Say you so, rash Fool, 'tis time then to dispatch thee: *To him*] You cannot betray me, but you involve your self in Ruine with me.

*Cem.* No fear for that, I will secure my self, therefore give me the Promise under your own Hand, or else this very minute I will discover all your wicked Practises.

*Call.* Come to my Closet half an hour hence, and there I'll make it entirely over to thee, and more than thou desirest.

*Cem.* Swear then, As e'er you hope for Happiness with *Munzuffer*; I know no other Oath will bind you.

*Call.* I do, and wish I never may enjoy him, if I do not make thee Master of all the Wealth that's *Bebbemeah's* before to morrow dawn, *Aside*] which thou shalt never see.

*Cem.* I now believe you, and if you have further use of the Hand and Heart of your obliged Son, you may command.

*Call.* I shall employ you, come, as I said, to my Closet half an hour hence, I have a new Design a foot I then will tell you of, *Aside*] which is for thy destruction, Fool.

*Exit Call.*

*Cem.* I will be sure to wait on you. So, now I may with reason hope I've secur'd *Bebbemeah's* Fortune, which she dare not refuse me; I'm pleas'd to think how very potent I shall be in wickedness; I must and will enjoy my Lovely Sister, but first I'll after my pious Mother, she's hatching some new Project, I wish it be but wicked enough, and when I've gotten what she promis'd, if I can reap advantage by it any other way, I will betray her; Honour and Honesty are starving Qualities, 'tis only Wickedness that thrives in this blest Age; I own no Powers but Almighty Gold, that, that's the Idol of my Worship.

*Exit Cem.*

*Enter Munzuffer and Sennorat.*

*Mun.* I'm all Distractions if I have thus rashly thrown away the Blessing of my Life, what will become of the miserable *Munzuffer*?

Yet,



Yet, oh ! it cannot be, these Eyes beheld the fatal sight, they could not be deceiv'd ; I will recover my lost Peace again, why should I thus disturb my self for one not worth the wracking of my Soul ? she's false, and I will study to forget her.

*Senn.* Unstable Boy ! did you not say, jst now you did believe her blameless, and that you would seek her through the World to beg her Pardon ?

*Mun.* I know not Sir, alas, what I think my self, my Mind's so compos'd.

*Senn.* Think, as you'l in time find true, it was a hellish Trick of *Callapia* ; has she not since spread all the Snares she thinks will catch thee ? I charge thee, on my Blessing, think not of her ; if thou dost consent to marry her, I will renounce thee from that hour, and wish thee alwaies wretched.

*Mun.* Marry her ! I'd rather be condemn'd to endless Slavery, and never taste of Liberty again, than have a Thought of such a thing ; I hate her worse than Death, nay, much more, for that would be welcome now, I wish I could forget all the vast Troubles of my Mind in an eternal Sleep.

*Senn. Munzuffer*, say not so, for thou maist live to a long Age of Joys, thy Fortunes yet are not so desperate, but we may find a Salve to heal them all, if *Bebbemeah's* Innocence appears, thy Trouble's at an end ; consider all the ways *Callapia* has taken to bring thee to her Lust, and think if she would stick at any thing to effect it, she knew it was impossible while *Bebbemeah* reign'd, and this was a Contrivance to drive her from you.

*Mun.* How sho.'d a Slave be admitted to her Apartment without her knowledge, and found within her Arms ?

*Senn.* Most easily ; it was not an hour before you went thither her wicked Mother sent for her, *Choufera* told me so, and said withal, she fear'd some foul Play was design'd her.

*Mun.* What say you, Sir ! O, now I do remember the very time, she likewise sent for me, and by a Trick carried me to her Chamber to find her in that posture ; too late I see it must be so : O injur'd lovely Lady ! where shall I find thee out, to shew my Penitence ? *Choufera* sure can tell, I ne'er will leave her till she does, I'll fly with Lovers Wings, to implore her Pardon, which I too justly fear she ne'r will grant to the guilty *Munzuffer*. *(going)*

Ha, did you speak Sir ? *(a Voice under the Stage cries, guilty Munzuffer.*

*Senn.* No, but heard a Voice, from whence I cannot tell, it repeated your last words.

*Mun.* Sure it was our Fancy, here's no one near us, I hope 'tis *Bebbemeah's* good Angel, sent to clear her Innocence.

Again Sir, did you not hear it? (*Voice cries, Clear her Innocence.*)

*Senn.* I did, and am amaz'd.

*Mun.* O tell me, gentle Spirit, if such thou be, where I shall find my much-wrong'd *Bebbemeah*. (*Voice cries, Much-wrong'd Bebbemeah.*)

'Tis so, 'tis so, the Gods in pity to my Sufferings have sent to clear her of those black Detractions unjustly cast upon her.

(*Voice cries, Detractions unjustly cast upon her.*)

Tell me, I charge thee, is she innocent? (*Voice, she's innocent.*)

'Tis nothing but an Eccho sure that catches my last words, and I only flatter my self into a belief of what I'd have so; if thou art any thing beside a Voice, appear, and tell me if *Callapia* is the cause of all this fatal mischief. (*Voice, Callapia is the cause of all this fatal mischief.*)

*Senn.* If thou'rt a human shape, I do invoke thee, by the God you serve, to shew thy self. (*The Spirit ascends.*)

*Mun.* This is the very same that gave me warning of my ensuing Troubles.

Spirit. Follow, follow, follow me,  
Thy Enemies at jars thou'st see:  
Be thankful Youth, the Gods take care  
Thy Doubts and Jealousies to clear:  
Follow, follow, follow me,  
The Mystery shall unravel'd be.

*Mun.* Go where thou wilt, I'll follow thee.

*Senn.* And I'll not stay behind.

*Mun.* My Guilt in her wrong'd Virtue does appear;  
Heaven of the Innocent, I find, takes care.

*Exeunt following the Spirit.*

## ACT V. Scene a Prospect of the Country.

*Enter Cemal, pulling in Choufera.*

*Cem.* I Must not now lose time in hearing thy weak Arguments, the Penitence you insist upon was the only means to get you in my power, and now you are, you shall not 'scape again.

*Chouf.* Heavens! what will become of me!

*Cem.*

*Cem.* Not Heaven or Hell shall take you from me now.

*Enter Callapia.*

*Call.* Yonder he is, and *Choufera* with him, I must keep an Eye upon him till he's safe from telling Tales, the working of the Poison may make him rave, and in his Frenzy discover all he knows; I must remove her from him, it is not safe that she should see him die.

*Cem.* (*pulling Chouf*) This way a little further is a private place fit for my purpose. (*she strives to get from him.*)

Nay, nay, no drawing back nor Outcries, 'tis to no purpose.

*Chouf.* What shall I do? good Heaven send me some assistance.

*Call.* Ha! the Villain's forcing her to his hot Lust! (*shows her self.*) O monstrous *Cemat*! what, ravish thy own Sister!

*Cem.* Nay, now I've lost all hopes indeed, but since I can't enjoy her, no other shall. (*Stabs Choufera, who falls.*)

*Call.* O barbarous, inhuman, bloody Mau! speak, my *Choufera*, to thy afflicted Mother.

*Chouf.* He's given me my Death, but I forgive him, and beg you'd do so too. *Swoons.*

*Cem.* Ha! what ails me? sure I am not well, my Head grows giddy, and my Eyes are dim; my Body trembles, sure 'tis not what they call remorse, I find none in my Heart.

*Enter Sennorat and Munzuffer following the Spirit, the Spirit waves a Wand over them.*

*Spir.* Stand there, you're invisible so long as you are silent. [*descends*]

*Call.* No, Fool, thou hast the just Reward of this most horrid deed, thou'rt poyson'd by thy Mother, you drank your last in that dire Cordial I gave you in my Closet.

*Cem.* Hell thank you for it, Fury and Vengeance direct me to sink her with me to the black Kingdom where my Soul is going. Curse of my feeble Arm, it will not do; is this the Thanks you give your Son for being the Instrument in murdering your Husband, and betraying *Bebbemeab*? *flings a Dagger at her, but misses her, she takes it up.*

*Call.* Did not you tell me my Life was in your power? how cou'd you think I'd tamely bear your Threats?

*Senn.* I can hold no longer, for fear she 'scapes my Vengeance give your assistance to poor *Choufera*, while I secure the Murderers.

[*Callapia looks back, cries out as surpriz'd, runs to stab Cem, but is prevented by*

*Senn. who takes the Dagger up. Munz. goes to Chouf. and holds her in his arms.*

*Munz.* She's only in a Swoon with loss of Blood, I hope her wound's not mortal. *Senn.*

*Senn.* See *Munzuffer*, this is the very Villain we rescued *Choufera* from before ; is't possible, good Heaven, you could attempt your Sister's Honour ?

*Cem.* I have no time to answer idle Questions, if I can rally but Strength enough to perfect my Revenge upon my unnatural Mother there, I'll die contented. She had from me a Dose, which she gave *Pechai*, and that did his business ; and by a sleeping Potion given to both *Bebbemeah* and the Slave, it was contriv'd by her, that *Munzuffer* should see 'em as they lay ; how she effected it I need not tell you, and did design her Death, had not her flight prevented : I was by Covenant to have her Fortune, for my assistance to her, which basely she refus'd ; I threaten'd to betray her, for which she'as recompenc'd me as you see, I can no more. *(stagger and falls.)*

*Call.* He raves, 'tis false as Hell each Syllable he utters.

*Cem.* O whither am I going ! stand off, foul Fiend : O Horror, Horror ! I dare not die, I see Hell gape, and all the Devils with their forked Spears stand ready to receive me ; grim *Pluto* too sits in his fiery Throne, and laughs at my Amazement : Help, help ! they drag me down, oh ! *Dies.*

*Call.* You see, my Lord, how the just Gods abhor the Imputation he has laid on me, by the disturbance of his Mind just at the point of death.

*Senn.* No, barbarous Lady, that will not clear your Guilt, we heard you own your Wickedness your self, no sly Evasions now shall serve your turn, I will commit you to the Hands of Justice, and prosecute you with utmost Rigour, the poisoning your Son is Crime enough to die for.

*Call.* The Injury he offer'd to his Sister deserv'd no less than death. I found him offering Violence to her Virgin-honour, and when he see he was surpriz'd in his Attempt, he stab'd her ; ask *Choufera* if it is not Truth.

*Senn.* The Draught was given him in your Closet, Lady, you cannot shift it off, you must along with me, and shall have all the Justice done you that your Crime deserves : Take care, *Munzuffer*, of that fair bleeding Lady, and if her Wound admits of any Cure, let nothing be spar'd for her recovery.

*Call.* *Munzuffer*, Daughter, will you not save me from this cruel Man ? *Exit Sennorat, forcing out Callapia.*

*Chouf.* *(revives)* Ha ! who was't call'd me from this Sleep of Death ? Why did you bring me back to Life again to know more Misery ? it

was

was unkindly done : Where am I, in *Munzuffer's* Arms? Nay, then I will not live to be snatch'd from these Embraces : Alas, I need not say I will not, cold Death sits busie at my Heart, and I am going where I shall find an everlasting end to all my Woes.

*Munz.* Dear *Choufèra*, for Pity tell me where to find the injur'd *Bebbemeah*, your Brother with his latest Breath declar'd her so, accus'd himself and thy most barbarous Mother to be the cause of all this deadly mischief.

*Chouf.* Too credulous *Munzuffer* ! that you cou'd believe her guilty of so black a Sin ! but I'll not now upbraid you, the Remorse you feel is Punishment enough, that Paper will direct you where to find her ; I was going thither now, when my impious Brother, disappointed of his brutish Lust, did this bloody Deed : When you have reconcil'd your justly-angry Mistress, sometimes reflect on poor *Choufèra's* Misfortunes, who (had she liv'd) must alwaies have been unhappy ; for, oh ! before my Soul expires, take, take the long-hid Secret, that I love you, my dear Lord ; permit me so to call you, since 'tis not many minutes I have left to repeat that charming sound : O turn those Eyes away, or I shall die with blushing. Comfort my *Bebbemeah*, for my untimely Death, I know so well she lov'd me, 'twill grieve her much ; commend me to her : my Business on Earth's done, and I have nothing else to do but die. Grieve not, *Munzuffer*, at my Death, it brings me what I wish, eternal Peace, an end of all my Misery here, and boundless Pleasure in the *Elizian* Fields, where we shall meet again : May you be bless'd in all things with your dear *Bebbemeah* ; farewell : take this first, last, and chaste Embrace from poor *Choufèra*. [*embraces him.* Thus, thus I die contented. (*fainting*) Hasten to find — (*dies*,

*Munz.* (*rising from her*) She's gone, and much I fear I've been some cause of this fair Virgin's death, her Wound was not deep, and might have been recover'd, her broken Heart was the most mortal Blow : She bid me hasten to find, I know she meant my *Bebbemeah*. [*Opens the*

*Enter a Servant.*

[*Paper, and reads.*

At *Muto's* House, on the *Levoan* Plain, close by the *Menam's* side ; she's there conceal'd : I know it well, 'tis not a full mile off, I will not sleep till I atone her Anger. (*To the Serv.*) Convey with care that lovely Body home, where she may have the Rites of Funeral, but let him lie a Prey to savage Beasts to be devour'd, not so much Brutes as he.

*He'll fly with Lovers Wings, & appease the injur'd Fair,  
And meet the just Reproaches of my angry Dear.*

Exit.

Scene



*Scene a Prison, enter Callapia.*

*Call.* What shall I tamely yield my Body to the Stake? I cannot, must not die, I've yet a Work to do I must not leave unfinished, Ple summon all the Devils to my aid, but I will compass it: Two Murders, what's that! 'twill hardly give me place in *Hell* fitting my quality, I'd have a Hecatomb of Ghosts to attend me there: P'm griev'd for poor *Chonsera's* death, and for *Cemat's* too, but 'tis because I have him not to kill again; oh that the Villain had as many Lives as *Hydra* Heads, that I might stab him in each one, and be an Age in killing him.

*Cemat's Ghost rises.*

*Ghost.* Thou hast not so long to live, most miserable Woman! 'ere this to morrow thou shalt be with me in endless Torment not to be express'd, the just Reward of all thy horrid Crimes, thy fatal Thread is spun, and thy unalterable Doom pronounc'd.

*Call.* Thouly'st, curst Wretch, thouly'st. (*Pechai's Ghost appears.*)

*Pech. Gho.* It is too true, and is decreed above in those blest Courts where thou must never come, inhuman Murderers! O think, thou wretched Woman, on thy lost Condition; think how you can bear the scorching Flames about your tender Limbs, which never never are to be extinguish'd; let thy Associate there tell the Miseries which attend thee, whilst I return to my blest Habitation, and praise the Gods for their just Vengeance on thee.

*Exit.*

*Call.* Farewel, old godly Fool, I do not wish to come where I may have thy Company again.

*Cem. Gho.* Thou'rt wish for any thing but what thou art condemn'd to, most unrelenting Sinner! *Prometheus* Vulture! *Tantalus's* Feast, or the *Belides* never finish'd Labour is all but Sport to what's reserv'd for thee; think not I come to warn you to repent, 'tis now too late, despair and die, and be as curst as I am.

*Descends.*

*Call. (sola)* This sure is all Delusion; or be it real, it is too late, he says, for Penitence; nor cou'd I if I wou'd; but yet I find an unusual Horror set heavy at my Heart when Death comes in my thoughts. (*Pauses a little*) I will not think of it, be gone, all idle Fears, Fears of I know not what; if I must die, it shall not be alone, nor will I tamely suffer an ignominious death, no, as long as I am Mistress of this, (*shows a Dagger*) I will, when I think fit, dispose of my own Fate: Still, still these Visions trouble me, I would forget 'em, and think 'em only Dreams. — 'Twas nothing else, I find it; I am awake, they're all vanish'd, and I am my self again.

If

If in those fiery Regions I must dwell,  
 Ple do such things shall make me Queen of Hell. Ex. Cal.

*Scene the Plain, enter Bebbemeah and Sardea.*

Beb. I wonder my *Choufera* does not come, has she forgot forsaken  
*Bebbemeah*? Prithee *Sardea* sing the Song you us'd to entertain me  
 with.

S O N G.

**T**Was on a fatal day by chance a lovely Swain I saw,  
 His graceful Mein and noble Air did my attention draw.  
 When on his Knees the timorous Youth did first my Pity move,  
 With tender Sighs and moving Tears he swore eternal love.  
 I soon believ'd what most I wish'd; for, ah too heedless Maid!  
 The easie Conquest he obtain'd my treacherous Eyes betray'd.

He gain'd the soft Confession too from my unguarded Heart  
 In Transports all o'er extasie, but all, alas, was Art;  
 For now the false forsworn forgets his Vows to Heaven and me;  
 Regardless of my Honour too, he boasts his Perjury.  
 Ye Gods, if injur'd Innocence be your peculiar care,  
 Revenge my Wrongs on that false Man, and wounded Fame repair.

*Enter Chavo hastily.*

Chav. Adzflesh, forsooth, yonder haz been a most heavy racket, by  
 the zide of the Wood, there is a curious hansom Gentlewoman lies as  
 dead as a Herring, and bleeds like any stuck Pig.

Beb. Ha! what say you, a Lady kil'd! by what means do you know?

Chav. Nay, I can't tell that; for my part, I thought at first it waz  
 you, methought she waz az. like you az if she had been spit out of  
 your Mouth, az a body may zay.

Beb. Did you see her? what was her Habit? O *Sardea*, Heaven  
 send it is not *Choufera*; was any body with her?

Chav. Zee her! I think I did, there was a great many fine Folks.  
 (looking out) Look forsooth, here comes a brave fine Gentleman waz  
 there, he'll tell you more I warrant you.

Sard. It is *Munzuffer*, Madam.

Beb. *Sardea*, let's be gone, I will not see that faithless man. (going

*Enter Munzuffer, who stays her by the Garment, and kneels.*

Munz. Stay, stay, fair injur'd Lady, thus low I humbly beg you'll  
 hear the guilty *Munzuffer* speak.

Beb. Too well, false Man, you know the way to *Bebbemeah's* Heart,  
 I must not will nor hear you; you did deny to me when most I plead-  
 ed for it, remember that, thou perjurd Man!

G

Chav.

*Chav.* (*aside*) Hey tofs, what the duce is the matter w' em, trow ?

*Mun.* I do too well, and many faults beside : [*she offers to go.*  
You must not leave me thus, I have a Story to tell thee will shock thy  
tender Soul ; we both have been betray'd.

*Beb.* Tell me, *Munzuffer*, is *Choufera* well ? Ha, you look sad and  
sigh ; answer me, I charge you, what is become of her, and by what  
means you found me here.

*Chav.* (*aside*) Now will I be hang'd if thiz iz not her Zweetheart  
that she haz taken on zo for.

*Mun.* Forbear to hear what will encrease thy Grief to such a weight  
too heavy to be born.

*Beb.* (*angrily*) Tell me, or I'll stay one moment and ne'r see thee more.

*Munz.* Since you will force me to be the unhappy Messenger of  
such dismal tydings, *Choufera's* killed by barbarous *Cemat*, the cause  
I'll take another time to tell ; he is poyson'd by his Mother, and be-  
fore he died confest the wrong they had done your virtue and my love.

*Beb.* O my *Choufera*, my dearest tender Sister ! 'tis I, unhappy Slave,  
have been the cause of all these sad Misfortunes.

*Mun.* She expir'd within my Arms, bid me commend her to you,  
and comfort you for her untimely Fall.

*Beb.* Alas, what Comfort can I e'er receive for such a Loss ! my on-  
ly constant Friend on Earth is gone, I hope I shall not long remain be-  
hind her.

*Munz.* O say not so, cruel *Bebbemeah*, thou hast a Friend which ever  
will be yours ; how shall I atone for my Offence ? is it not possible  
you can forgive ?

*Chav.* (*aside*) Ay, ay, 'tis zo, I find I shall be bob'd of my Mistress  
az a body may zay.

*Beb.* No, never ; the Injuries you've done me are of such a nature,  
to pardon would look as if I were conscious of the Guilt you threw  
upon me, and were glad on any terms to pass it by ; (*ironically*) do  
not lose so much time from your *Callapia*, she will be angry, indeed she  
will, and chide you most unmercifully.

*Mun.* What mean you *Bebbemeah* ? my *Callapia* ! I'd sooner take a  
Witch, a Succubus, to my Arms : I do believe in *Hell* there is not  
such another Fury.

*Beb.* Her Wealth, my Lord, will make you compensation for all  
Personal Defects ; and for her Mind, the blacker 'tis, the more like  
thee, perfidious Man.

(*angrily.*

*Munz.*

*Munz.* By Heaven you wrong me, Madam, her Wealth and her I equally condemn, I ever scorn her loathsome Love, which has created all these sad Distractions; 'twill soon be seen how well I love her, the Murder of your Father is detected, done by her cursed Hand, for which she is to die.

*Beb.* Merciless Woman! when shall I find an end to all my Sorrows? they still encrease, and will at last o'erwhelm me.

*Angrily*] But you, my Lord, I find, come to make up your Breach with me, because you are like to lose your other Mistress.

*Munz.* Still worse and worse; all I can say to justify my self turns to my disadvantage; may I for ever be depriv'd of you, the greatest Curse I can wish, if e'er I had a Thought of loving any else since the first moment that I see you; were that vile Creature which you unjustly tax me with Empress of all our wealthy *Indies*, I'd scorn her as I have already done.

*Beb.* How can you hope I ever should? all I could say you would not lend an Ear to.

*Munz.* Upbraid me not with what 'tis Death to hear; all my whole Life shall be a continued Service, to expiate that one Fault: I do not blame your Anger, you have just reason for it; the mighty Gods are pacified by Penitence, and all I now dare ask is only your forgiveness.

*Beb.* Suppose, my Lord, I should, you do not think I e'er will put my self in that man's power who could so easily believe so poorly of my Virtue? I need not say I will not, I do not find you do desire it: You say you wish for nothing but Forgiveness; you have it, Sir. Now I suppose I may be gone, you've nothing else to ask.

*(going, he takes hold of her.)*

*Munz.* Still, Madam, you reproach me with the only Blot I ever was ashamed of; I do indeed deserve your utmost Rigour, but O, unkind it is to say I've nothing else to ask! I have a mighty Boon, too much for you to give or me to crave; my Wishes are unbounded, but still they center all in *Bebbemeah*. Think if the hoarding Miser would be pleas'd to have his Coffers rifled, and all his Idol Gold thrown into the Sea; if so, believe I've no desires to be posses'd of what I most adore, fair *Bebbemeah*.

*Beb. (aside)* O that bewitching Tongue! 'twil quite undo all my firm Resolutions. *(To him)* I told you I forgave you, is not that enough?

*Munz.* O no, you do not, if you did you'd run into these faithful loving Arms; convince me that you do so, and let me conduct you home.

*Beb.* How *Munzuffer!* can you think I will return to live in the same place where my blasted Fame by this is grown the publick Talk? No, I will seek some Defart far from the Society of human Conversation, where I will spend my melancholy days, and ne'er return to this bad World again.

*Mun.* Is this Forgiveness, obdurate *Bebbemeah*? I cannot live without you, I swear by all that's good I will not, the minute that you leave me Ple with my Blood, since nothing else will do, implore your Pity, and wash away my Guilt.

*Beb.* I could most willingly consent to your Desires, but still so much I owe my injur'd Honour, I must and will resolve to never see thee more; take, if you will, a parting Kiss, sure I may give that without offence to Modesty, since 'tis the last Favour you must e'er receive from *Bebbemeah's* Love; for, O *Munzuffer!* canst thou think it, for all this usage I have had, I love thee still?

*Mun.* O no, I will not taste of Bliss, to make the deprivation of it more intolerable: Since then it must be so, farewell indeed for ever.

(*Offers to stab himself, but is prevented by Sennorat's entring.*)

*Senn.* Rash Boy! what mean you?

*Beb.* O! I can hold no longer.

(*Runs into his Arms.*)

My most dear Lord, thou shalt not die, if the possession of thy *Bebbemeah* can give you Life; I yield to thy all-conquering Love, dispose me as you will, clear but my Reputation, and I'm yours for ever.

*Mun.* Some help, good Sir, to support this Extasie, I've now more need of Moderation than under my pressing Grief: Am I awake? I know not how to trust my Senses with this happy change of my Condition.

*Senn.* I'm glad, fair injur'd Lady, there's no use for my Authority to carry you back: Your Reputation has, if possible, receiv'd a double Lustre by the black detraction; all wait with eager haste to see due Justice done on your inhuman Mother, and in a fury they drag the Body of wicked *Cemat* about the Streets; I've brought a Chariot to conduct you home in triumph o'er your Foes.

*Beb.* My Lord, Ple wait upon you when you please; *Sardea*, stay and let our kind Landlord and his Family know where I wou'd see them, to gratifie their Troubles.

(*Gives Munzuffer her Hand.*)

*Munz.* Bear witness, Gods, I envy not your boasted Bliss above,  
Nor would I change my Happiness to be the mighty *Jove*.

*Exeunt Sennorat, Munzuffer, and Bebbemeah.*

Chavo



*Chavo looks after them, comes forward scratching his Head.*

Look ye there now, I thought how much you'd speak a good word for one ; I wou'd that old Man had e'en let him have kill'd himself, and then may be I might have got her in the mind, and now he's gone away with her, and I shall never zee her again all days of my breath. *(almost crying)* You might a been asham'd to zay the waz your Sister, and make a body zet ones Heart upon her, zo you might then. *(cries.)*

*Sard.* Alas poor *Chavo* ! come man, have patience, you shall see her again presently, did you not hear her invite you to her House ? come, come, there's Hopes still, dry up your Eyes, we'l take your Father and Mother and follow her. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Callapia distracted, a Priest following her.*

*Prie.* Will you not think on your unhappy state ? You cannot hope for Pardon in this World, you know your Crimes deserve none, repent e're 'tis too late, or you will be condemn'd to the infernal Dungeon, where you must live in endless Torments, ne'r to be releas'd.

*Call.* Ple tell you a Secret, but be sure you tell no body of it : *Ceres* will send her winged Dragons for me, and bear me thro' the Air, Ple get into the Zodiac, turn the Bear out of her Skin, and creep into't, so close that they shall never find me ; ha, ha, ha, how I shall laugh to look down and see 'em searching for me !

*Prie.* Sure she's distracted, I know not what to think of her. Madam, will you not think of your Condition ?

*Call.* Ha ! thou art old *Pechai*, I know thee now ; did I not poison thee ? Away, away with that old worn-out Face, Ple send thee to *Medea* to be new boil'd, and when thou art young again I will be fond of thee ; let her take pattern by *Munzuffer*, be sure you be like him, I will not love thee else.

*Prie.* I find it now, her Guilt has turn'd her Brain, there is no hopes to make a Mad-woman hear Reason, she may perhaps have an outrageous Fit, and do me mischief. *[Offers to steal off, she catches hold of him.]*

*Call.* Wilt thou then leave me, cruel *Munzuffer* ? I will not part with thee ; thus, thus Ple clasp thee to me, *[holds him fast in her arms.]* and keep thee from thy loved *Bebbecah*. Ha, stand off, *[Throws him from her]* thou art not that sweet lovely Youth ; foh, foh, how thou stink'st of Lechery ! Hush, not a word, 'tis the Devil, I know him by 's cloven Foot and that sulphureous stink of Brimstone : Sotily, sotily, he'l hear thee else, he has damnable quick Ears. Hey ho, my Head akes for want of Sleep, let me have some Musick : How goes the time, Father, will it ne'er be Night ? *Prie.*

*Prie.* I hope her Fit is over, and she will have an interval of Sense; it grows late, Madam, the Officers by this time wait for you, repent and think whither you are going.

*Call.* Did not I call for Musick? but let it be such as will best suit the Discord of my Soul; the Shrieks of the Damned, the Cries of tortured Infants, the Howlings of the Free born Wretch condemn'd to endless Slavery; this is the Harmony will please my Ear. Hark! did you not hear the clattering of Chains? Oh for *Aeneas's* Cloak to shroud me in: Who art thou? speak: 'tis poor *Choufera*, I know her by her Wound. (*takes hold of him*) Trust me, it makes me weep; poor Girl! Ple bath it with my Tears, and fetch thee back to life. Ha, ha, ha, I've thought of an excellent Expedient, I'll let out the old Priest's Blood, and fill her empty Veins, I warrant her after this transmutation, she'll never die to save her Chastity again.

*Prie.* She is relaps'd, wou'd I were fairly rid of her. (*offers to go.*)

*Call.* Thou shalt not go, we are to have a Feast, which you must partake of: Fie, fie, leave a Banquet, where thou maist feast thy most luxurious Gut with choicest Dainties! Ple snatch the curling Snakes from *Tiryphone's* Head, 'twill make a most delicious Dish; a Sallad too we'll have of *Aconite* and *Hell-bore*, and drink in flowing Bowls, instead of *Nectar*, Blood; what think'st thou of that? I know it will down with thee season'd with a Gold Goblet: Prithee tell me, how do they fare in Hell?

*Prie.* Too soon I fear you'll know, most miserable Woman.

*Call.* Cannot you tell, d'ye say? be gone and see, (*stabs him.*  
be sure you bring me word. (*falls and dies.*)

*Prie.* Oh! I am slain! —

*Call.* I charge you clear the way, I do not love a Crowd, tell 'em I'm coming, bid old *Charon* be ready with his Boat. Ha! what's this, a Showre of Blood! 'tis old *Pechai's*, where, where shall I shelter, 'twil drown me, who'd a thought he had so much in his old shrivel'd Body? I'm sick at Heart, oh for a Cordial from the *Lethæan* River, to pass a dark Oblivion on all my forepast Life.

(*Enter Sennorat, Munzuffer and Belbemeah.*)

Who are these, the infernal Judges?

*Senn.* Ha, what means this, a holy Father slain! had you not Murder enough upon your guilty Soul, but you must add a fresh one just as you're going to give an Account in the other World of what you've done already, impious Sinner! Call for the Officers, and let her presently

sently be executed, each minute that she lives draws a new Crime upon her.

(*They all stand looking on the Body.*)

*Call.* Hush, hush, (*she pulls Senn. away*) 'tis *Cerberus*, don't wake him, he'll give a triple bark will fright us back to *Hell* again.

*Senn.* What, you would feign Distraction to save your Life! that will not do, Lady; we too well know you Mistress of the Trade of Falshood and Deceit; I brought these wrong'd Lovers, that you may ask Forgiveness before you leave the World, for the unheard-of Injuries you have done them.

*Call.* Lovers, say you! O they are *Orpheus* and *Euridice*; take, take her, and run away with her, don't you look back and lose her again, you have ventur'd hard for her, but not so much as I have done for cruel unkind *Munzuffer*. Ha! do you not see yon blazing Comet? it points just full at me: Shoot, shoot, I fear you not, you cannot pierce my Heart, 'tis hard as solid Adamantine Rocks, and will rebound your Darts up to the Skies again.

*Senn.* Do not thus madly rave, but tell me why you *kill'd* this holy Man; What cou'd provoke you to such a cursed deed?

*Call.* Look not on him, 'tis *Medusa's* Head, 'twil turn thee into stone as hard as *Munzuffer's* stubborn Heart alwaies was to me.

*Beb.* Alas, I pity her, she's mad indeed.

*Munz.* Reserve thy Pity for a nobler Cause, she deserves it not from any; Vexation and Despair has made her thus.

*Senn.* If she has lost her Senses, she has not her wicked Inclinations; there's a fresh bleeding Instance of it.

(*points to the Priest.*)

*Beb.* I can't but have Compassion for the Mother of my dear *Choufera*.

*Senn.* And for the Murdres of thy Father, *Bebbemeah*, think of that.

*Beb.* That was indeed a hellish fact, and ne'er to be forgiven.

*Call.* Forgiveness say you! is there then Mercy for me? did you not talk of my *Choufera*? O shew me where she is: I see her, she's yonder fleeting in the milky way; stay, stay, dear Child, and take thy Mother with thee: wonderful! she's dissolv'd into a Star, and shines just in my Face, I cannot bear the Lustre, my Eye-balls ake with gazing, let me repose them in eternal Night, and lay me fast to sleep, where I may never never wake again.

(*she lies down.*)

*Senn.* Yes, you shall be laid to sleep, but will be quickly rous'd by Pains will keep you ever waking.

*Enter Officers, Muto, Metam, Chavo, and Sardea.*

*Mut.* Alack poor Gentlewoman, she's in a pitiful plight, she's upon the hard floor, poor Soul.

*Mut.*

*Mut.* Ai, ai, I warrant you'd have no Woman die for poisoning her Husband, 'tis that you'd all be at if you dar'd; e'en let her be harr'd, I say, she deserves it.

*Senn.* Do your Office, and take her to the Stake, secure her fast, she either feigns a Lunacy, or is so; there lies a holy man just slain by her.

*Call.* (*rising a little*) I've thought upon't, that is old *Radamestus*, do but blot out the Murder of my Husband, and the false imputation laid on *Bebbeneah*, I'll stand my Trial for the rest. Ha! 'tis *Comat*, now I will be reveng'd on him indeed, I'll spoil his Evidence in *Hell* against me: see, see, he steals away, will you not stop him? he's gone, and I will follow him, he shall not 'scape my Vengeance so. (*Stabs her self.* *Haste, haste Callapia, you'll quickly overtake him, 'tis a broad Road, and down Hill all the way.* *Dies.*

*Senn.* Unhappy Woman! thou hast put a dreadful period to thy wickedness, and draws Compassion from me, tho' an Enemy to all thy Cruelties. Now, *Bebbeneah*, I'll resign the Charge your noble Father trusted me withal, and thus I give it up. (*gives her to Munzuffer.* Take her, *Munzuffer*, and beg the Gods to give thee Merit to deserve the richest Prize that ever happy Youth was blest with.

*Munz.* From the great Gods and you I thankfully receive the only Blessing which they have in store to make *Munzuffer* happy. *Right her Hand.*

So the joy'd Merchant, who with Storms long tost  
Sees his dear Wealth and Hopes of Life all lost:

When unexpected the Heavens grow clear and smile,  
And safely lands him after all his Toll,

At the long-wish'd-for Haven;

Such Joys too weakly does my Bliss express,

No Thoughts or Words can reach my Happiness.

*Exeunt omnes.*

### EPILOGUE, Spoken by Mr. Bowen.

*MY* Father is a Landed Man, haz Acres of his own,  
Pays scot and lot, and Office bears, beholden is to none;  
Haz Cow and Kine, haz Goats and Horse, and Rupies too good store,  
Which will be Chavo's all in time, with many a good thing more,  
Two Folds of Sheep, an Herd of Boars the common size exceeding;  
And since from Holland came their size, you need not doubt their breeding.  
A flock of Geese of wisest Race, came from Fingallian Highland,  
Enough to plant a Colony in a West Indian Island.  
Of Asses too as grave as Sancho's he up to War does train,  
To car the English powder'd Beaux to make the next Campaign.  
And something else shall nameless be, Chavo has more than Purse;  
If all will not your Favour win, ad' self, you may do worse.

F I N I S.